



J. Lodge Sculp.

THE
COMPLAINT:
OR,
Right-Thoughts
ON
LIFE, DEATH,
AND
IMMORTALITY.

To which is added,
A PARAPHRASE ON Part of the Book of *JOB*.

VOLUME I.

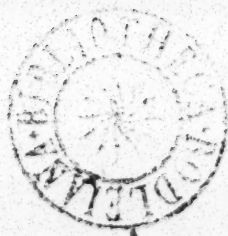
Adorned with elegant COPPERPLATES.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

L O N D O N:

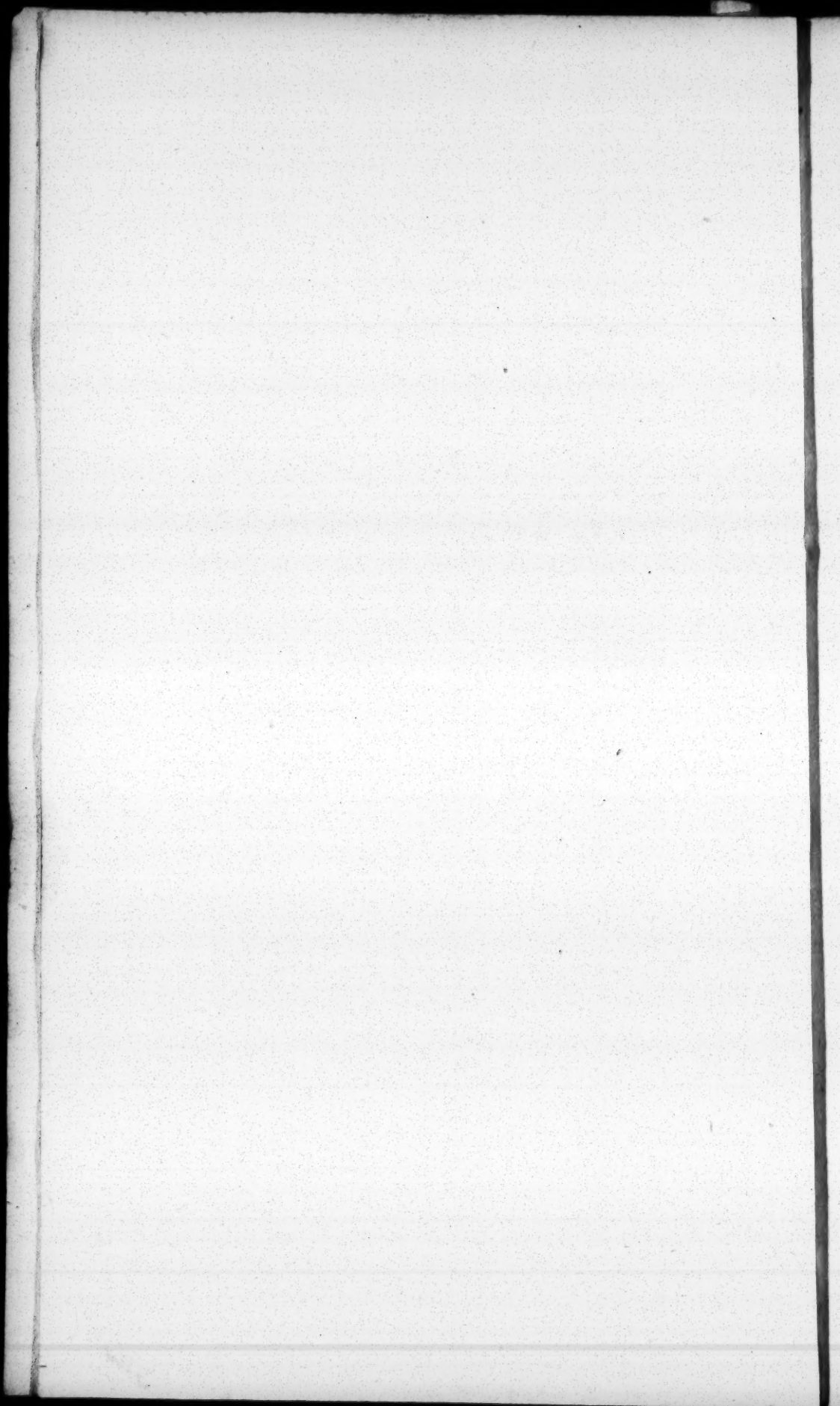
Sold by A. MALLARD, J. DURFEE, E. NELSON,
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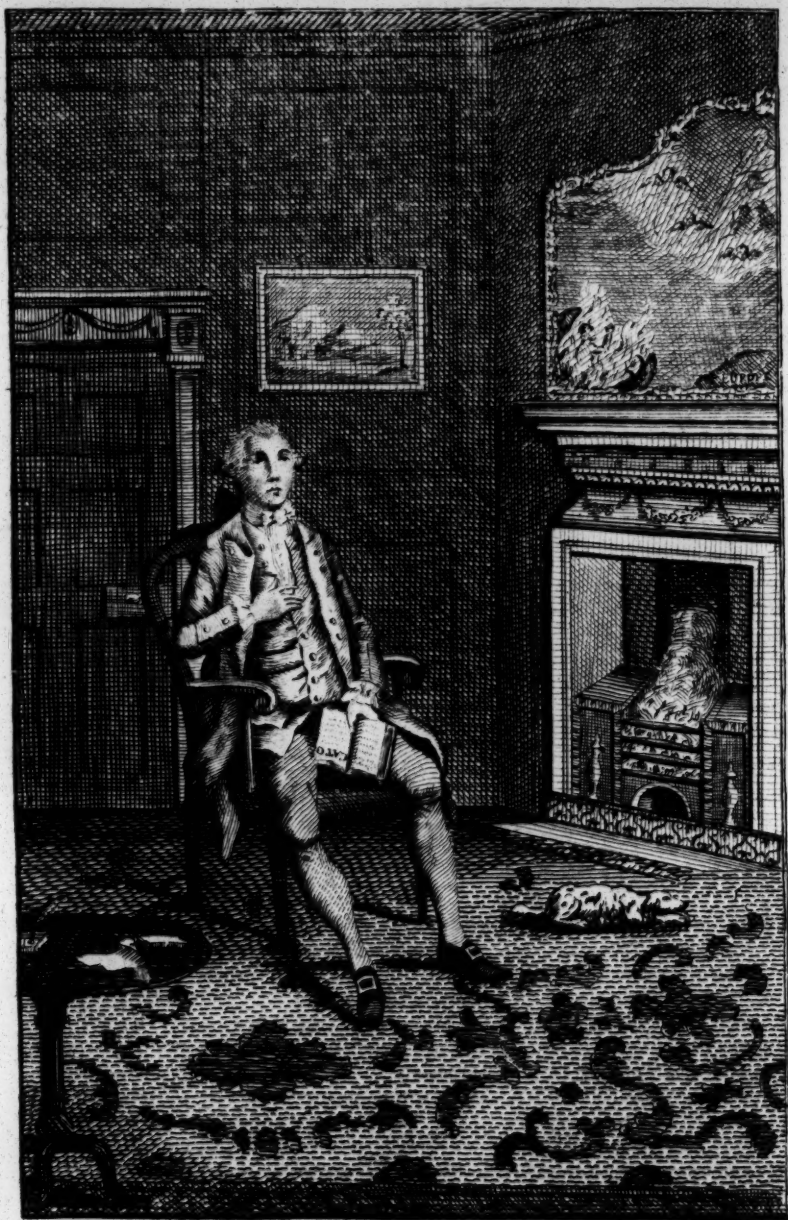


P R E F A C E.

AS the occasion of this Poem was real, not fictitious; so the method pursued in it, was rather imposed, by what spontaneously arose in the Author's mind on that occasion, than meditated or designed. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of Poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reason of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the Writer.







'Tis must be so
 Or whence those pleasing hopes, those fond desires,
 'Those longings after Immortality?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within
 'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates Eternity to Man.

Addison's Cato



THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT the FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq;

SPEAKER of the HOUSE of COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.

A 3

Though

Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
 (A bitter change!) severer for severe.
 The *Day* too short for my distress; and *Night*,
 Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
 Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, fable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
 And let her prophesy be soon fulfill'd;
 Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and *Darkness*! solemn sisters! twins.
 From ancient *Night*, who nurse the tender thought
 To *Reason*, and on *Reason* build *Resolve*,
 (That column of true majesty in man)
 Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
 The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame shall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine. [fall
 But what are ye? —

THOU, who didst put to flight
 Primæval *Silence*, when the morning stars,
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
 O THOU, whose word from solid *darkness* struck
 That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
 My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of *Nature*, and of *Soul*,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
 Lead it through various scenes of *Life* and *Death*;
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my *Conduct*, than my *Song*;
 Teach my best reason, reason; my best will

Teach

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 7

Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *One*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the *signal* that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely *mine*!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder HE, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvelously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd *link* in being's endless chain!
Mid-way from *Nothing* to the *Deity*!
A beam ethereal, fully'd, and absorb'd!
Though fully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect *infinite*!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her *own*: How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,
What though my soul phantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal*:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heav'n husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? Are *Angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is *Shadow*, all beyond
Is *Substance*; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,

This

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 9

This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of existence free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, flumb'ring in his fire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustring glow,
In HIS full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself;
How was my heart incruited by the world!
O how felt-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,
Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Night-visions may besiege (as sung above):
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt

Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
 How richly were my noon tide trances hung
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
 Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
 Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
 The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
 Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me!
 The *spider's* most attenuated thread
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
 Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
 A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.

Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
 That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
 And quite unparadise the realms of light.
 Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;
 The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
 Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions every hour;
 And rarely for the better; or the *best*,
 More mortal than the *common* births of fate.
 Each *Moment* has its sickle, emulous
 Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
 Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
 Implicit treason to divine decree!
 A bold invasion of the rights of heav'n!
 I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. II

O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !

What darts of agony had mis'd my heart !

Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines ;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust

Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so *mean* ?

Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me* ?

Insatiate archer ! could not *one* suffice ?

Thy shaft flew *thrice* ; and *thrice* my peace was slain ;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

O *Cynthia* ! why so pale ? Dost thou lament

Thy wretched neighbour ? Grieve to see thy wheel

Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?

How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss ! from *fortune's* smile,

Precarious courtesy ! not *virtue's* sure,

Self-given, *solar* ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,

How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !

Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !

Thro' the dark portern of time long elaps'd,

Led softly, by the stillness of the night,

Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)

Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing *Past* ;

In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;

And finds all desert *now* ; and meets the ghosts

Of my departed joys ; a num'rous train !

I rue the riches of my former fate ;

Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;

I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;

And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why *complain* ? or why complain for one ?

Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,

The *single* man ? Are angels all beside ?

I mourn for millions : 'Tis the common lot ;

In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd

The mother's throes on all of woman born,

Not more the children, than sure heirs, of *pain*.

War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart

Wrapt up in triple brags, besiege mankind.

God's image, disinherited of day,

Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a fun was made.

There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,

Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;

And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.

Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,

In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,

Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,

If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.

Want, and incurable *disease*, (fell pair !)

On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize

At once ; and make a refuge of the grave.

How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead !

What numbers groan for sad admission there !

What numbers, once in *fortune's* lap high-fed,

Solicit the cold hand of charity !

To shock us more, solicit it in vain !

Ye filks, sons of pleasure ! since in pains

You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,

And breathe from your debauch : *Give*, and reduce

Surfeit's dominion o'er you : But so great

Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy ! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.

Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save ;

Disease invades the chasteft temperance ;

And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm,

Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.

Man's caution often into danger turns,

And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.

Not *happiness* itself makes good her name ;

Our very wishes give us not our wish.

How distant oft the thing we doat on most,

From that for which we doat, *felicity* !

The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains ;

And

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 13

And *truest* friends, through error, wound our rest
Without misfortune, what calamities !
And what hostilities, without a foe !
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man ! the rest a *waste*,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands :
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map ! But, far
More sad ! this earth is a true map of *man*.
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe's* wide empire ; where deep *troubles* toss,
Loud *sorrows* howl, invenom'd *passions* bite,
Rav'nous *calamities* our vitals seize,
And threat'ning *fate* wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself* ?
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope ; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, nature's *first*, *last* lesson to mankind ;
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *second* channel ; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O *World* ! thy much-indebted tear :
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !
O thou ! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults !
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate ?
I know thou wouldst ; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch* ! by blindness thou art blest ;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, *smiler* ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;

Thy

Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
 But rises in demand for her delay;
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

LORENZO, fortune makes her court to thee,
 Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren* sings.
 Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
 Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm:
 Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
 Is heav'n tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
 And in its favours formidable too:
 Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
 A call to duty, not discharge from care;
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
 Awake us to their *cause*, and *consequence*;
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
 Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
 To worse than *simple* misery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
 Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
 With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
 Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
 All joys, but joys that never can expire.
 Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy last sigh
 Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanting earth
 Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring towers?
 Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
 To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears:
 The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
 Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
 From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
 (Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
 Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,

Of

ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 151

Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd-
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
LORENZO! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *present* moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next*;
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, intamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; spin our eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n PHILANDER had bespoke his shroud.
Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, LORENZO! a *slow sudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprize!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

Procrastination

Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not This be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, *This* is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise;
 At least, their own; their *future* selves applauds;
 How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
 Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly's* vails;
 That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign;
 The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;
 'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
 And scarce in human *wisdom* to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that thro' ev'ry stage: When young, indeed,
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
 Unanxious for *ourselves*; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
 At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
 At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
 Pulses his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal, but *Themselves*;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found.
 As from the *wing* no scar the *iky* retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;

So

So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
 Can I forget PHILANDER? That were strange!
 O my full heart——But should I give it vent,
 The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
 And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.

The spritely *lark's* shrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
 I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
 The sullen gloom, sweet *Philomel!* like Thee,
 And call the stars to listen: Ev'ry star
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
 Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
 And charm thro' distant ages: Wrapt in shade,
 Pris'ner of darkness! to the silent *hours*,
 How often I repeat their rage divine,
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
 Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, *Maenides!*
 Or, *Milton!* thee; ah! could I reach your strain!
 Or *His*, who made *Maenides* our *Own*.
Man too He sung: *Immortal* man I sing;
 Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
 What, *now*, but immortality can please?
 O had *He* press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,
 Which opens out of darkness into day!
 O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd where I sink, and sung *Immortal* man!
 How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me!



NIGHT



NIGHT the SECOND.

O N

TIME, DEATH, FRIENDSHIP.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE.

The Earl of WILMINGTON.

"*W*HEN the Cock crew, he wept"—smote by that
eye,

Which looks on me, on all : That pow'r, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *Heav'n*.

Shall I too weep ? Where then is fortitude ?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man ?

I know the terms on which he sees the light ;
He that is born, is lifted ; life is war ;

Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best,
Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I'll dwell.

LORENZO ! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit ; profit there,
Where most they need. Themes, too, the genuine
growth

Of dear PHILANDER'S dust. He, *thus*, tho' dead,
May.



*We read their monuments; we sigh, & while
 We sigh, we sink, & are what we deplore,
 Lamenting or lamented, all our lot.*



ON LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY. 19

May still befriend—What themes? *Time's wondrous Price.*

Death, Friendship, and PHILANDER's final scene.

So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impress
On my dark cloud an *Iris*; and from grief
Call glory—Dost thou mourn PHILANDER's fate?
I know thou say'st it: Says thy *life* the same?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *Time*! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wife.
What *moment* granted man without account?
What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid?
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious *Death*! should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the pris'ner free.

Eternity's inexorable chain

Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!

That *Time* is mine, O MEAD! to thee I owe;

Fain would I pay thee with *Eternity*.

But ill my genius answers my desire;

My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.

Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my strain.

For what calls *thy* disease, LORENZO? not

For *Esculapian*, but for *Moral* aid.

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.

Youth is not rich in *Time*, it may be poor;

Part with it as with money, sparing; pay

No moment, but in purchase of its worth;

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

Part with it as with life, reluctant; big

With

With holy hope of nobler time to come ;
 Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great *mark*
 Of men and angels ; virtue more divine.

Is this our *duty, wisdom, glory, gain* ?
 (*These heav'n benign in vital union binds*)
 And sport we like the natives of the bough,
 When vernal suns inspire ? *Amusement* reigns
 Man's great demand : To trifle is to live :
 And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?

Thou say'st I *preach*, LORENZO ! 'Tis confess'd.
 What, if for once, I preach thee quite *awake* ?
 Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle ?
 Is it not treason to the soul *immortal*,
 Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?
 Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?
 When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
 Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
 As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires,
 To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
 Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there ;
 Will Toys amuse ? No : Thrones will then be toys,
 And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time ?—Its *loss* we dearly buy.
 What pleads LORENZO for his high-priz'd sports ?
 He pleads time's num'rous *blanks* ; he loudly pleads
 The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
 From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee* ?
 No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
 Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, still be thine ;
This cancels thy complaint at once ; *This* leaves
 In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all ;
This, the blest art of turning all to gold ;
This, the *good* heart's prerogative to raise
 A royal tribute from the poorest hours ;
 Immense revenue ! ev'ry moment *pays*.
 If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power ;
 Thy *purpose* firm, is equal to the deed :

Who

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well. acts nobly ; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act, indeed, admits restraint ;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer ;
Guard well thy thought ; our thoughts are heard in
heav'n.

On all important *Time*, thro' ev'ry age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
" *I've lost a day*"——the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown ;
Of *Rome* ? say, rather, lord of human race :
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak : So *reason* speaks in all :
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For rescue from the *blessings* we possess ?
Time, the supreme !——*Time* is Eternity ;
Pregnant with all eternity can give ;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

Ah ! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short ;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *Art* ! our furious charioteer,
(For *Nature's* voice unstifled would recall)
Drives headlong tow'rd's the precipice of death ;
Death, most our dread ; death *thus* more dreadful
O what a riddle of absurdity ! [made :
Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot-wheels ;
How heavily we drag the load of life !
Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of *Cain*,

It makes us wander ; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant, thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;
 The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
 Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,
 From hateful *Time* if prisons set us free.
 Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
 We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
 To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age :
 Behold him, when past by ; what then is seen,
 But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills ;
 To nature just, their *Cause* and *Cure* explore.
 Not short heav'n's bounty, boundless our expence ;
 No niggard, nature ; men are prodigals.
 We *waste*, not *use* our time ; we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is existence, *us'd* is life.
 And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
 Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
 And why ? since *Time* was giv'n for use, not waste,
 Injoin'd to fly ; with tempest, tide, and stars,
 To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man ;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure : Waste, a pain ;
 That man might *feel* his error, if unseen :
 And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;
 Not, blund'ring, split on idleness for ease.
 Life's cares are comforts ; such by heav'n design'd ;
 He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
 Cares are employments ; and without employ
 The soul is on a rack ; the rack of *rest*,
 To souls most adverse ; action all their joy.

Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds ;
 Then

Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
 We rave, we wrestle, with *Great Nature's Plan*;
 We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broils;
 We push time from us, and we wish him back;
 Lavish of lustre, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and short; *Death* seek, and shun;
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
 United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
 How tasteless; and how terrible, when gone!
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
 The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd;
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *past*,
 And time *present*, both pain us, what can please?
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
 Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death;
 He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen: See next
Time's Nature, Origin, Importance, Speed;
 And thy great *Gain* from urging his career.—
 All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
 He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else
 Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—*Time's* a god.
 Hast thou ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence?
For, or *against*, what wonders can he do!
 And *will*: To stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
 Not on *those terms* was *Time* (heav'n's stranger!) sent
 On his important embassy to man.

LORENZO! no: On the long destin'd hour,
 From everlasting ages growing ripe,
 That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
 When the DREAD SIRE, on emanation bent,

And

And big with nature, rising in his might,
 Call'd forth creation (for then *Time* was born),
 By Godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds ;
 Not on *those terms*, from the great days of heaven,
 From old eternity's mysterious orb,
 Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies ;
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
 Measuring his motions by revolving spheres ;
 That horologe machinery divine.
 Hours, days, and months, and years, his children,
 Like num'rous wings around him, as he flies : [play,
 Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
 His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
 To gain his goal, to reach his antient rest,
 And join anew *Eternity* his fire ;
 In his *immutability* to nest,
 When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd,
 (Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
 To *timeless* night and chaos, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy ? Why with levities
 New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight ?
 Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done ?
 Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man ; too soon
 In sad divorce this double flight must end :
 And then, where are we ? Where, LORENZO ! then
 Thy sports ? thy pomps ?—I grant thee, in a state
 Not unambitious ; in the *ruffled* shroud,
 Thy *Parian* tomb s *triumphant arch* beneath.
 Has *Death* his fopperies ? Then well may *Life*
 Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.
 Ye *well-array'd* ! Ye lilies of our land !
 Ye lilies *male* ! who neither toil, nor spin,
 (As filter lilies *might*) if not so wise
 As *Solomon*, more sumptuous to the sight !
 Ye *delicate* ! who nothing can support,
 Yourselfs most insupportable ! for whom
 The winter-rose must blow, the sun put on
 A brighter beam in *Leo* ; silky-soft

Favonius

Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
 And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
 And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
 O ye LORENZOS of our age! who deem
 One moment unamus'd, a misery
 Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
 For ev'ry bawble drivell'd o'er by sense;
 For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast,
 For change of follies, and relays of joy,
 To drag your patient through the tedious length
 Of a short winter's *day*—say, fages! say,
 Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
 How will you weather an *eternal night*,
 Where such expedients fail?

O treach'rous *Conscience*! while she seems to sleep
 On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
 Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
 The fly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross *Aet* alone employs her pen;
 She reconnoitres *Fancy*'s airy band,
 A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
 List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable *Time*:
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history; which *Death* shall read
 In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;
 And *Judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound.

B

LORENZO,

LORENZO, *such* that *Sleeper* in thy breast!
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*
 For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace!
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon*?

But why on *Time* so lavish is my song?
 On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a school,
 To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
 Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
 And shall we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills;
 Sure, *Vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
 Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
 Is *Suicide*, where more than *Blood* is spilt.
 Time flies, death urges, knells call, heav'n invites,
 Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
 More than creation labours!—labours *more*?
 And is there in creation, what, amidst
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—
Man sleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whose fate,
 Fate irreverfible, entire, extreme,
 Endlefs, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
 A moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
 All else is in alarm! *Man*, the sole cause
 Of this furrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *Years* away?
 Throw *Empires*, and be blameless. Moments feize;
 Heav'n's on their wing: A moment we may with,
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* stand
 Bid him drive back his car, and reimport [still,
 The period past, regive the given hour.
 LORENZO, *more* than miracles we want;
 LORENZO—O for yesterdays to come!

Such is the language of the man *awake*;
 His ardor *such* for what *oppresses* thee.
 And is his ardor vain, LORENZO? No;
 That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *Yesterday* return'd; return'd
 Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,

And

And reinstate us on the Rock of peace.
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate ;
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
 Shall it evaporate in fume ? Fly off
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still ?
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd ?
 More wretched for the clemencies of heav'n ?
 Where shall I find *Him* ? Angels ! tell me where ?
You know him : He is near you : Point him out :
 Shall I see glories beaming from his brow ?
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers ?
 Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, shed
 Protection ; now, are waving in applause
 To that blest son of foresight ! lord of fate !
 That awful independent on *To-morrow* !
 Whose *work is done* ; who triumphs in the *Past* ;
 Whose *Yesterdays* look backwards with a smile ;
 Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly ;
 That common, but opprobrious lot ! past hours,
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;
 All god-like passion for eternals quench'd ;
 All relish of realities expir'd ;
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies ;
 Our freedom chain'd ; quite winglefs our desire ;
 In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar ;
 Prone to the centre ; crawling in the dust ;
 Disinounted ev'ry great and glorious aim ;
 Embruted ev'ry faculty divine ;
 Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters
 chang'd ;
 Though we from *Earth* ; *Ethereal*, they that sell.
 Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
 For what, gay friend! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
 Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
 Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
 We read their monuments; we sigh: and while
 We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
 Is death at distance? No: He has been on thee;
 And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
 'Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
 The rest are on the wing: How fleet their flight!
 Already has the fatal train took fire;
 A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee*;
 The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
 And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
 And how they might have borne more welcome news.
 Their answers form what men *Experience* call;
 If *Wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
 O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,
 "There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
 "The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
 "And by success are tutor'd to despair."
 Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.

Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.
 Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
 Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
 Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?
 Since, by *Life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,
 Light, as the summer's dust, we take in air

A moment's giddy flight, and fall again ;
 Join the dull mafs, increafe the trodden foil,
 And fleep, till earth herfelf fhall be no more ;
 Since *then* (as emmets, their finall world o'erthrowa)
 We, fore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
 And rife to fate extreme of foul or fair,
 As man's own choice (controuler of the fkyes !)
 As man's defpotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
 (O how omnipotent is time !) decrees ;
 Should not each *warning* give a ftrong alarm ?
 Warning, far lefs than that of bofom torn
 From bofom, bleeding o'er the facred dead !
 Should not each *dial* ftrike us as we pafs,
 Portentous, as the *written wall*, which ftruck,
 O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Affyrian* pale,
 Ere-while high-flufht, with infolence, and wine ?
 Like *that*, the dial fpeaks ; and points to thee,
 LORENZO ! loth to break thy banquet up :
 " O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee ;
 " And, while it lafts, is emptier than my fhade."
 Its filent language fuch : Nor need'ft thou call
 Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.
 Know, like the *Median*, fate is in thy walls :
 Doft ask, *How ? Whence ? Belshazzar*-like, amaz'd ?
 Man's make inclofes the fure feeds of death ;
Life feeds the murderer : Ingrate ! he thrives
 On her own meal, and then his nurfè devours.
 But, here, LORENZO, the delufion lies ;
 That *folar fhadow*, as it meafures life,
 It life refembles too : Life fpeeds away
 From point to point, tho' feeming to ftand ftill.
 The cunning fugitive is fswift by ftealth :
 Too fubtle is the movement to be feen ;
 Yet foon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger ; *Gnomons*, time :
 As *theſe* are ufelefs when the fun is fet :
 So *theſe*, but when more glorious *Reafon* fhines.
Reafon ſhould judge in all ; in reafon's eye,

That sedentary shadow travels hard.
 But such our gravitation to the wrong,
 So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
 'Tis later with the wise than he's aware :
 A *Wilmington* goes slower than the sun:
 And all mankind mistake their time of day ;
 Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown-
 In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
 We take fair days in winter, for the spring ;
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
 Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ;
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On *This*, or similar, PHILANDER ! thou
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue ;
 And strong, to wield all science, worth the name ;
 How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream !
 How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
 By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
 Best found, so sought ; to the *Recluse* more coy !
 Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip ;
 Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,
 Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song ;
 Song, fashionably fruitless ; such as stains
 The *Fancy*, and unhallow'd *Passion* fires ;
 Chiming her fancies to *Cytherea's* fane.

Know'st thou, LORENZO ! what a friend contains ?
 As bees mixt *Nectar* draw from fragrant flow'rs,
 So men from FRIENDSHIP, *Wisdom* and *Delight* ;
 Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
 Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad ?
 Good *Sense* will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want
 And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun. [air,
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd ;
 Speech,

Speech, thought's can! ! speech, thought's criterion too !

Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross ;
When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.

If sterling, store it for thy future use ;

'Twill buy thee benefit ; perhaps, renown.

Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess ;

Teaching, we learn ; and, giving, we retain

The births of intellect ; when dumb, forgot.

Speech ventilates our intellectual fire ;

Speech burnishes our mental magazine ;

Brightens, for ornament ; and whets, for use.

What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,

Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,

And rusted in ; who might have borne an edge,

And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech ;

If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue !

'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push

Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,

And defecates the student's standing pool.

In *Contemplation* is his proud resource ?

'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converse* unsustain'd.

Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation's* field ;

Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit

Of due restraint ; and *emulation's* spur

Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.

'Tis converse qualifies for solitude ;

As exercise, for salutary rest.

By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves ;

And *Nature's* fool, by *Wisdom* is undone.

Wisdom, though richer than *Peruvian* mines,

And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,

What is she, but the means of *Happiness* ?

That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool ;

A melancholy fool, without her bells.

Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives

The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.

Nature, in zeal for human amity,

Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
 Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
 Joy flies monopolists: It calls for *Two*;
 Rich fruit! heav'n-planted! never pluck'd by *One*:
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
 To *social* man true relish of himself.
 Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight;
 Delight intense, is taken by rebound;
 Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends
 For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend;
 Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
 Each other's pillow to repose divine.
 Beware the counterfeit: In *Passion's* flame
 Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
 True love strikes root in *Reason*; passion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
 I wrong her much—entenders us for ever:
 Of *Friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
 Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
 And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
 O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
 This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
 And gives the rivet of eternity.

From *Friendship*, which outlives my former themes,
 Glorious survivor of old *Time* and *Death*!
 From *Friendship*, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly feed,
 The wise extract earth's most *Hyblean* bliss,
 Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this *Elysian flower*?
Abroad They find, who cherish it at *Home*.
 LORENZO! pardon what my love extorts,
 An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
 Though choice of follies fasten on the *Great*,
 None clings more obstinate, than fancy, fond

That

That sacred friendship is their easy prey ;
 Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
 Or fascination of a high-born smile.
 Their smiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
 For Others hearts, tenacious of their Own ;
 And we no less of ours, when *such* the bait.
 Ye fortune's cofferers ! Ye pow'rs of wealth !
 Can gold gain friendship ? Impudence of hope !
 As well mere man an angel might beget.
 Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
 LORENZO ! pride repress ; nor hope to find
 A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
 All like the purchase ; few the price will pay ;
 And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
 I shew thee friendship Delicate, as Dear,
 Of tender violations apt to die ?
Reverse will wound it ; and *Distrust*, destroy.
 Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
 But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
 Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core ;
 First, on thy friend, delib'rate with Thyself ;
 Pause, ponder, sift ; not Eager in the choice,
 Nor Jealous of the chosen ; Fixing, Fix ;
 Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
 Well, for thy friend ; but nobler far for Thee ;
 How gallant danger for earth's highest prize !
 A friend is worth all hazards we can run.

" Poor is the friendless matter of a world :
 " A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung He (angels hear that angel sing !
 Angels from friendship gather half their joy)
 So sung PHILANDER, as his friend went round
 In the rich *ichor*, in the gen'rous blood
 Of BACCHUS, purple god of joyous wit,
 A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.
 He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend ;
 His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.

Friendship's the wine of life ; but friendship *new*
 (Not such was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
 O ! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
 And elevating spirit, of a friend,
 For twenty summers ripening by my side ;
 All seculence of falsehood long thrown down ;
 All social virtues rising in his soul ;
 As crystal clear ; and smiling, as they rise !
Here nectar flows ; it sparkles in our sight ;
 Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
 High-flavour'd bliss for gods ! on earth how rare !
 On earth how *lost* !—*PHILANDER* is no more.

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song ?
 Am I too warm ?—Too warm I cannot be.
 I lov'd him much ; but now I love him more.
 Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd,
 Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
 Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold ;
 How blessings brighten as they take their flight !
 His flight *PHILANDER* took ; his upward flight,
 If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
 (That eagle genius !) O had he let fall
 One feather as he flew ; I, then, had wrote,
 What friends might flatter ; prudent foes forbear ;
 Rivals scarce damn ; and *Zoilus* reprieve.
 Yet what I can, I must : It were profane
 To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
 And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
 Strange ! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
 Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung !
 And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Christian* ; to the blush of wit.
 Man's highest triumph ! man's profoundest fall !
 The *Death-bed* of the just ! is yet undrawn
 By mortal hand ; it merits a Divine :
 Angels shall paint it, angels ever *There* ;
 There, on a post of honour, and of joy.
 Dare I presume, then ? But *PHILANDER* bids ;

And

And glory tempts, and inclination calls——
 Yet am I struck; as struck the soul, beneath
 Aerial *Groves* impenetrable gloom;
 Or, in some mighty *Ruin's* solemn shade;
 Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born Dust*,
 In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
 Or, at the midnight *Altar's* hallow'd flame.
 Is it religion to proceed: I pause——
 And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
 Is it his death-bed? No: It is his shrine:
 Behold him, there, just rising to a god.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
 Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
 Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
 Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
 Receive the blessing; and adore the chance,
 That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease;
 If unreltor'd by This, despair your cure.
 For, *Here*, resitless demonstration dwells;
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *diffimulation* drops her masque,
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here Real, and Apparent, are the Same.
 You see the *Man*; you see his hold on heav'n;
 If sound his virtue; as *PHILANDER's*, sound.
 Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her friends
 On this side death; and points them out to men,
 A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!
 To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
PHILANDER! he severely frown'd on thee.

"No warning giv'n! Unceremonious fate!
 "A sudden rush from life's meridian joy!
 "A wrench from all we *love*! from all we *are*!
 "A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
 "Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!

" Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark unknown !
 " A sun extinguish'd ! a just opening grave !
 " And Oh ! the last, last, what ? (can words express ?
 " Thought reach it ?) the last—*Silence* of a friend !"
 Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,
 This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
 Demand from man ?—I thought him man till now.

Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,
 (Like the stars struggling through this midnight
 gloom) [peace?

What gleams of joy ? what more than human
 Where, the frail mortal ? the poor abject worm ?
 No, not in death, the *Mortal* to be found.

His conduct is a legacy for All.

Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.

His comforters he comforts : Great in ruin,

With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*

His soul sublime ; and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene !

Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man ?

His God sustains him in his final hour !

His final hour brings glory to his God !

Man's glory heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.

We gaze, we weep ; mixt tears of grief and joy !

Amazement strikes ! devotion buries to flame !

Christians Adore ! and *Infidels* Believe.

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,

Detains the sun, *Illustrious* from its height ;

While rising vapours, and descending shades,

With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious vale ;

Undamp't by doubt, undarken'd by despair,

PHILANDER, thus, augustly rears his head,

At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds

On the low level of th' inglorious throng :

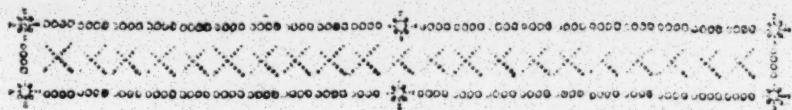
Sweet *Peace*, and heav'nly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,

Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;

Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,

With incommunicable lustre, bright.

NIGHT



NIGHT the THIRD.

N A R C I S S A.

TO HER GRACE

The D U C H E S S of P-----.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes. VIRG.

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze
 runs mad,
 To *Reason*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
 Once more I wake ; and at the destin'd hour,
 Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
 I keep my assignation with my woe.

O ! Lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
 Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !
 Who think it solitude, to be Alone.
 Communion sweet ! communion large and high !
 Our *Reason*, *Guardian-Angel*, and our *God* !
 Then nearest I neie, when Others most remote ;
 And All, ere long, shall be remote, *but* These.
 How dreadful, *Then*, to meet them all alone,

A

A stranger ! unacknowledg'd ! un approv'd !
 Now woo them ; wed them ; bind them to thy breast ;
 To win thy wish, creation has no more.

Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a Friend——

But friends, how mortal ! dang'rous the desire.

Take PHOEBUS to yourselves, ye basking bards !

Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head ;

And reeling through the wilderness of joy ;

Where *Sense* runs iavage, broke from *Reason's* chain,

And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.

My fortune is unlike ; unlike my song ;

Unlike the deity my song invokes.

I to *Day's* soft-ey'd sister pay my court,

(*ENDYMION's* rival !) and her aid implore ;

Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse*.

Thou, who didst lately borrow † *CYNTHIA's* form,

And modestly forego thine Own ! O Thou,

Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire !

Say, why not *CYNTHIA* patroness of song ?

As Thou her crescent, she thy character

Assumes ; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute

This revolution in the world *inspir'd* ?

Ye train *Picrian* ! to the *Lunar* sphere,

In silent hour, address your ardent call

For aid immortal ; less her brother's right.

She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads—

The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain,

A strain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.

Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heav'n !

What title, or what name, endears thee most ?

CYNTHIA ! *CYLLENE* ! *PHOEBE* !—or dost hear

With higher gust, fair P——D of the skies !

Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,

More pow'rful than of old *Circean* charm ?

Come ; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring

† At the Duke of NORFOLK's masquerade.

The soul of song, and whisper in my ear
 The theft divine : or in propitious dreams
 (For dreams are 'Thine) transfuse it thro' the breast
 Of thy first votary——But not thy last :
 If, like thy *Namesake*, thou art ever kind.

And kind thou wilt be : kind on such a theme :
 A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !
 A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,
 'Twas *Night* : on her fond hopes perpetual night ;
 A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
 Than that which smote me from PHILANDER'S tomb.
 NARCISSA follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
 Woes cluster ; rare are *solitary* woes ;
 They love a train, they tread each other's heel ;
 Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
 The grief that started from my lids for Him :
 Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
 Or thares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
 Sorrow he *more* than causes, he confounds ;
 For human sighs his rival-strokes contend,
 And make distress, distraction. O! PHILANDER !
 What was thy fate ? A double fate to me ;
 Portent, and pain ! a menace, and a blow !
 Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
 Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.
 It call'd NARCISSA long before her hour ;
 It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
 From the first blossom, from the buds of joy ;
 These sew our noxious fate unblasted leaves
 In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist ! and Beautiful as sweet !
 And Young as beautiful ! and Soft as young !
 And Gay as soft ! and Innocent as gay !
 And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good !
 For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
 Transfixt by fate (who loves a lofty mark)

How

How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious ! All its charms
 Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song !
 Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her !) thrilling through my heart !
 Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy ! this

group

Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,
 As yet unforfeit ! in one blaze we bind,
 Kneel, and present it to the skies ; as All
 We guess of heav'n : And *these* were all her own.
 And she was mine ; and I was—*was* !—most blest—
 Gay title of the deepest misery !
 As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life ;
 Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.
 Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
 Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier There ;
 Far lovelier ! pity swells the tide of love.
 And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?
 Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep ;
 Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.
 Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight ;
 And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
 Pale omen sat ; and scatter'd fears around
 On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,
 That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,
 I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
 Her native bed, on which bleak *Boreas* blew,
 And bore her nearer to the sun ; the sun
 (As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
 Deny'd his wonted succour, nor with more
 Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
 Of lilies ; fairest lilies, not so fair !

Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !

Who

Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives ;
 In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
 And drink the sun ; which gives your cheeks to glow,
 And out-blush (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair ;
 You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
 Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
 To thought so pure ! Ye lovely fugitives !
 Coeval race with man ! for man you smile ;
 Why not smile *at* him too ? You share indeed
 His sudden pass ; but not his constant pain.

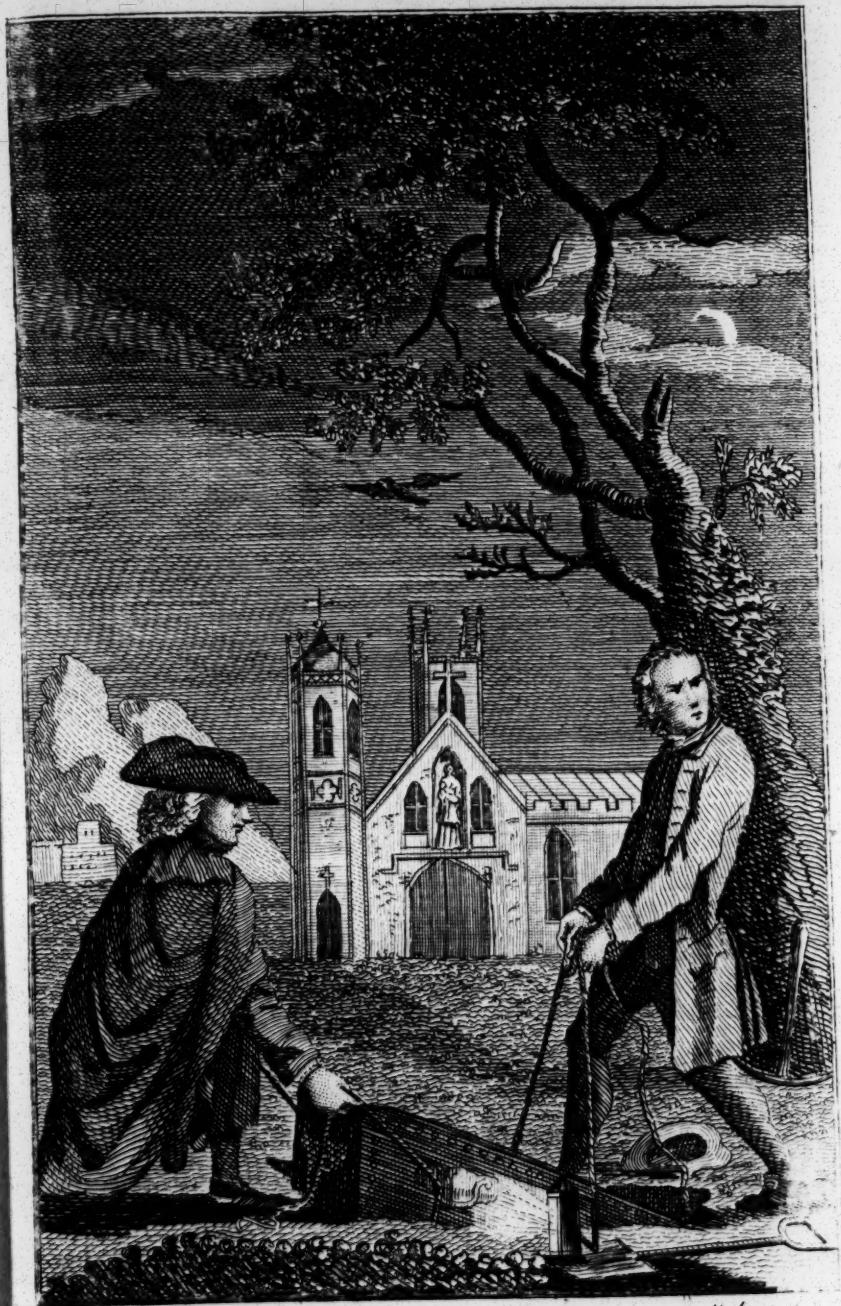
So man is made, nought ministers delight,
 By what his glowing passions can engage ;
 And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
 Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;
 And anguish, after rapture, how severe !
 Rapture ? Bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine,
 By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,
 While *here*, presuming on the rights of heav'n
 For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
 LORENZO ? At thy friend's expence be wise ;
 Lean not on earth : 'twill pierce thee to the heart :
 A broken reed, at best : but, oft, a spear :
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her :—Thought
 Repenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe. [repell'd
 Snatch'd ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour !
 And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd !
 And when high flavour'd thy fresh op'ning joys !
 And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete !
 And on a foreign shore ; where strangers wept !
 Strangers to Thee ; and, more surprising still,
 Strangers to Kindness, wept : Their eyes let fall
 Inhuman tears ; strange tears ! that trickled down
 From marble hearts ! obdurate tendernefs !
 A tendernefs that call'd them more severe ;
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd ;
 While *nature* melted, *superstition* rav'd ;
 That mourn'd the dead ; and *this* deny'd a grave.

Their

Their sighs incens'd ; sighs foreign to the will !
 Their will the *tyger* suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
 For Oh ! the curst ungodliness of zeal !
 While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* nurst
 In blind *infallibility's* embrace,
 The *sainted spirit* petrify'd the breast ;
 Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread
 O'er dust ! a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do ? What succour ? What resource ?
 With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole ;
 With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd ;
 Short in my duty ; coward in my grief !
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
 With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
 I *whisper'd* what should echo thro' their realms ;
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
 Presumptuous fear ! How durst I dread her foes,
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd ?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade ! Of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;
 Half execration mingled with my prayer ;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ;
 Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust ;
 Stamp'd the curst soil ; and with humanity
 (Deny'd NARCISSA) wisht them all a grave.

Glows my resentment into guilt ? What guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead ?
 The dead how sacred ! Sacred is the dust
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine !
 This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.
 When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend ;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt ;
 When man can wreak his rancour *uncontroul'd*,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will ;
 Then, spleen to dust ? the dust of innocence ?



Malpas

With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;
 More like her murderer than friend, I crept
 With soft suspended step; & muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whisperd my last sigh.



An angel's dust?—This *Lucifer* transcends;
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
 Far less than This is shocking in a race
 Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love;
 And *uncreated*, but for love divine;
 And, but for love divine, this moment, *lost*,
 By fate rebor'd, and sunk in endless night.
 Man hard of heart to man! Of horrid things
 Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
 Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs;
 Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
 And contumelious his humanity:
 What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
 And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
 Man is to man the forest, surest ill.
 A previous blast foretells the rising storm;
 O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
 Volcano's bellow ere they disembody;
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
 And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
 Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
 Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
 Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
 That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart.

Fir'd is the muse? And let the muse be fir'd:
 Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
 And in the nerve most tender, in his friends?
 Shame to mankind! PHILANDER had his foes:
 He felt the truths I sing, and I in Him.
 But He, not I, feel more: Past ills, NARCISSA!
 Are sunk in Thee, thou recent wound of heart!
 Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
 Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that swarm'd
 O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clust'ring There
 Thick as the locusts on the land of *Nile*,

Made

Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
 Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
 How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?
 An aspic, Each! and All, an *Hydra* woe:
 What strong *Herculean* virtue could suffice?—
 Or is it virtue to be conquer'd Here?
 This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
 And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress;
 And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
 Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
 A grief like *this* propriety excludes:
 Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;
 They make Mankind the mourner; carry sighs
 Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;
 And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
 Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
 The vale of death! that husht *Gimmerian* vale,
 Where *darkness*, brooding o'er unfinished fates,
 With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
 (Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
 That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
 Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
 Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,
 Of all most wanted, and most welcome *here*.
 For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own,
 My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey;
 "Expose the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
 "Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
 "And labour that first palm of noble minds,
 "A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."
 This harvest reap from thy NARCISSA's grave.
 As poets feign'd from AJAX' streaming blood
 Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r;
 Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
 And *first*, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
 It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
 To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*.

Our

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
 To damp our brainless ardors ; and abate
 That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
 Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
 Our rugged pass to death ; to break those bars
 Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
 Cross our obstructed way ; and, thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.
 Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
 Pluckt from the wing of human vanity,
 Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
 And, damp't with omen of our own decease,
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
 Are angels sent on errands full of love ;
 For us they languish, and for us they die :
 And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain ?
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts ?
 Shall we disdain their silent, soft address ;
 Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r ?
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
 Tread under foot their agonies and groans ;
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?
 LORENZO ! no ; the thought of death indulge ;
 Give it its wholesome empire ! let it reign,
 That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy !
 Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
 And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast :
 Auspicious Æra ! golden days, begin !
 The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
 And why not think on death ? Is life the theme
 Of ev'ry thought ? and wish of ev'ry hour ?
 And song of ev'ry joy ? Surprising truth !
 The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
 To wave the num'rous *ills* that seize on life

As their own property, their lawful prey;
 Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
 His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,
 No maiden relishes, unbrought delights;
 On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists,
 And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*;
 Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
 Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
 Have disinherited his future hours,
 Which starve on *arts*, and *glean* their former field.

Live ever here, LORENZO!—shocking thought!
 So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;
 Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
 Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
 For what live ever here?—With lab'ring step
 To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round
 Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
 Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
 The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
 The former mock? To surfeit on the *same*,
 And yawn our joys? Or thank a misery
 For change, tho' sad? To see what we have seen?
 Hear, till unheard, the same old flabber'd tale?
 To taste the tasted, and at each return
 Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant
 Another vintage? Strain a flatter year,
 Thro' loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
 Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
 Ill-ground, and worse concocted! Load, not life!
 The *rational* foul kennels of excess!
 Still-streaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
 Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl.

Such of our *fine ones* is the wish refin'd!
 So would they have it: Elegant desire!
 Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?
 But such examples might their riot awe.
 'Thro' want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
 ('Tho' on *bright thought* they father all their flights)

To

To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
 The same vain world; to censure, and espouse,
 This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
 Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
 Thro' dread of woe; to cling to this rude rock,
 Barren, *to them*, of good, and sharp with ills,
 And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
 Scar'd at the gloomy gulph, that yawns beneath.
 Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!

'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
 This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* state, what art can cure?
 One only; but that one, what all may reach;
 VIRTUE—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
 That *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted shrew*;
 And what will more surprise, LORENZO! gives
 To life's sick, nauseous *iteration*, change;
 And straitens nature's circle to a line.
 Believ'it thou this, LORENZO? lend an ear,
 A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
 And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
 Of sight, smell, taste: The cuckow-seasons sing
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
 But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
 To doating *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
 Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
 Make their days various; various as the dyes
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
 On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,
 On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
 In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
 Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
 Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
 To worth maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame;
 While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel

Rolling

Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
 Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour;
 Advancing *virtue*, in a Line of *bliss*;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire!
 And *bliss*, which Christian schemes alone ensure!
 And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
 Apostates? And turn infidels for joy?
 A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
 "He sins against *this* life, who slights the *next*."
 What is this life? How few their fav'rite know!
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
 By passionately loving life, we make
 Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
 We give to Time Eternity's regard;
 And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
 Life has no value as an end, but means;
 An end deplorable! a means divine!
 When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
 A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much:
 Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd,
 When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd;
 Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
 In prospect richer far; important! awful!
 Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
 Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss!
 Where now the *barren rock*? the *painted shrew*?
 Where now, LORENZO! life's *eternal round*?
 Have I not made my triple promise good?
 Vain *is* the world; but only to the vain.
 To what compare we then this varying scene,
 Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?
 Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *Night*
 Assists me here) compare it to the moon;
 Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich
 In *borrow'd* lustre from a higher sphere.
 When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,
 O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy;

Her

Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that glory distant : Oh LORENZO !
A good man, and an angel ! these between
How thin the barrier ! What divides their fate ?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year ;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still ;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods ;
Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the skies.
Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass ?
'The *soft transition* call it ; and be cheer'd :
Such it is often, and why not to Thee ?
To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise ;
And may itself *procure* what it *presumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd ;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
" *Strange Competition !*" — True, LORENZO ! strange !
So little *Life* can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Thro' chinks, styl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light ;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day ;
All eye, all ear, the disembod' d power.
Death has feign'd evils, *nature* shall not feel ;
Life, ills substantial, *wisdom* cannot shun.
Is not the mighty *mind*, that son of heaven !
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd !
By *death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd ?
Death but intombs the body ; *life* the soul.

" Is *death* then guiltless ? How he marks his way
" With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine !
" Art, genius, fortune, elevated power !
" With various lustres *these* light up the world,
" Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, LORENZO ! this indictment just :
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror !
Death humbles these ; more barb'rous *life*, the man.

Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay ;
Death, of the spirit infinite ! divine !
Death has no dread but what frail *life* imparts ;
 Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
 No bliss has *life* to boast, till death can give
 Far greater ; *life*'s a debtor to the grave,
 Dark lattice ! letting in eternal day.

LORENZO ! blush at *fondness* for a *life*,
 Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
 To cater for the sense ; and serve at boards,
 Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
 Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
 Luxurious feast ! a soul, a soul immortal,
 In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd !
 LORENZO ! blush at *terror* for a *death*,
 Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
 Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
 And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
 And eternize the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
 What need I more ? O *death*, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, death ! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and *disease* ; disease, though long my guest ;
 That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life ;
 Which, pluckt a little more, will toll the bell,
 That calls my few friends to my funeral ;
 Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
 While reason and religion, better taught,
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
 With wreath triumphant. Death is victory ;
 It binds in chains the raging ills of life :
Lust and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
 That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
 Are not *immortal* too, O death ! is thine.
 Our day of dissolution !—name it right ;
 'Tis our great pay-day ; 'tis our harvest, rich
 And ripe : What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
 Just scars us as we reap the golden grain ?

More

More than thy balm, O *Gilead* ! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death's* deep dismal groan,
 Are slender tributes low-taxt nature pays
 For mighty gain : The gain of each, a life !
 But O ! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd ; *Life* lives beyond the grave.
 And feel I, *death* ! no joy from thought of thee !
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
 With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed !
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man !
Death, the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns !
Death, that absolves my birth ; a curse without it !
 Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes ; without it a chimera !
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy ;
 Joy's *source*, and *subject*, still subsist unhurt ;
 One, in my soul ; and one, in her great Sire ;
 Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
 Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
 Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
 (To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
 And live *intire*. *Death* is the crown of life :
 Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain ;
 Were death deny'd, to live would not be life ;
 Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.
 Death wounds to cure : we fall ; we rise ; we reign !
 Spring from our fetters ; fasten in the skies ;
 Where blooming *Eden* withers in our sight :
 Death gives us more than was in *Eden* lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?
 When shall I *die* ?—When shall I live for ever ?



NIGHT the FOURTH.
THE
CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

Our only CURE for the FEAR of DEATH;

AND

Proper SENTIMENTS of HEART on that
inestimable Blessing.

To the Hon^{ble} Mr. YORKE.

A Much indebted muse, O YORKE ! intrudes.
Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the mind of man
The dread of death ! I sing its sov'reign cure.

Why start at death ? Where is he ? Death arriv'd,
Is past ; not come, or gone, he's never *here*.
Ere *hope, sensation* fails ; black-boding man
Receives, not *suffers*, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm ;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
'The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *error's* wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made ;

Then

Then on the point of his own fancy falls ;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear ?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.

I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger ; ev'ry date cries—" Come away."
And what recalls me ? Look the world around,
And tell me what : The wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought
Full range, on just *dislike's* unbounded field ;
Of things, the vanity ; of men, the flaws ;
Flaws in the *best* ; the many, flaw all o'er ;
As *leopards*, spotted, or, as *Ethiops*, dark ;
Vivacious *ill* ; *good* dying immature ;
(How immature, NARCISSA'S marble tells !)
And at his death bequeathing endless pain ;
His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs, for *future* scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant
To *lucky* life) some perquisites of joy ;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
But from our *comment* on the comedy,
Pleasing *reflections* on parts well-sustain'd,
Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
Toss *fortune* back her tinsel, and her plume,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come ; my world is dead ;
A new world rises, and new manners reign :
Foreign comedians, a spruce band ! arrive,
To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
What a pert race starts up ! the strangers gaze,
And I at them ; my neighbour is unknown ;
Nor that the worst : Ah me ! the dire effect
Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long ;

Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),
My very master knows me not.——

Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate?
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardor to be seen.
When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
Refusal! canst thou wear a smoother form?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *Fear of Death*:
Twice told the period spent on stubborn *Troy*,
Court favour, yet untaken, I besiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little less;
Embitt'ring the possess'd: Why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a *South-Sea* dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant *heliac* of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet; gifts of rural life!

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms:
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager *ambition's* fiery chace I see;

I see

I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
 Burt law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's prey ;
 As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ;
 Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?
 Earth's highest station ends in, " Here he lies :"
 And " dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
 If this song lives, posterity shall know
 One, though in *Britain* born, with courtiers bred,
 Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late ;
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
 For future vacancies in church or state ;
 Some avocation deeming it——to die,
 Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich* ;
 Guilt's blunder ! and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coevals ! remnants of yourselves !
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave !
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil ?
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ?
 With av'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard ?
 Grasping at air ! for what has earth beside ?
 Man wants but little ; nor that little, long ;
 How soon must he resign his very dust,
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour !
 Years *unexperienc'd* rush on num'rous ills ;
 And soon as man, *expert* from time, has found
 The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
 I still survive: And am I fond of life,

Who scarce can think it possible, I live?
 Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
 Alive by MEAD! if I am still alive,
 Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
 Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
 Life's lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*,
 And *vapid*; *Sense* and *Reason* shew the door,
 Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great arbiter of life and death!
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
 Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,
 And triumph in existence; and could know
 No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
 Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
 All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

Though *nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be repress;
 Still frowns grim *Death*; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
 And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
 Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm
 Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
 And smil'd, unsmitten: Small my cause to smile!
Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,
 More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
 They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound;
 O think how deep, LORENZO! *here* it stings:
 Who can appease its anguish? How it burns!
 What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw?
 What healing hand can pour the balm of peace?
 And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?

With joy,—with grief, that *healing hand* I see;
 Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high.

On

On *high*?—What means my phrensy? I blaspheme;
 Alas! how *low*! how far beneath the skies!
 The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
 But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds*;
 Draw the dire steel—ah no! the *dreadful* blessing
 What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
 There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
 The falling universe: That gone, we drop;
 Horror receives us, and the dismal with
 Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
 Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
 When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
 In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell?
 O what a groan was there! A groan *not His*.
 He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
 And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
 A thousand worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear;
 Sensations *new* in angels bosoms rise;
 Suspend their song; and make a pause in bliss.

O for *their* song; to reach my lofty theme!
 Inspire me, *Night*! with all thy tuneful spheres;
 Whilst I with *seraphs* share seraphic themes,
 And shew to men the dignity of man;
 Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
 Shall *pagan* pages glow celestial flame,
 And *christian* languish? On our hearts, not heads,
 Falls the foul infamy: My heart! awake.
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
 “Expended deity on human weal?”
 Feel the *great truths*, which burst the tenfold night
 Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood
 Of endless day: To feel, is to be fir'd;
 And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Pow'r!
 Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous love!
 That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
 And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold night;
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!

In love immense, inviolably just !
 Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
 Didst stain the *Cross* ; and work of wonders far
 The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.

Bold thought ! shall I dare speak it, or repress ?
 Should man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the guilt
 Which rous'd such vengeance ? which such love in-
 flam'd ? [arms,

O'er guilt (how mountainous !) with out-stretcht
 Stern *justice*, and soft-smiling *love* embrace,
 Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
 When seem'd its majesty to need support,
 Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost :
 What, but the *fathomless* of thought divine,
 Could labour such expedient from despair,
 And rescue *both* ? Both rescue ! both exalt !
 O how are both exalted by the *deed* !

The wondrous deed ! or shall I call it *more* ?

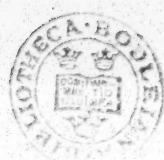
A wonder in Omnipotence itself !

A mystery no less to gods than men !

Not, *thus*, our infidels th' *Eternal* draw,
 A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
 Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete :
They set at odds heav'n's jarring attributes ;
 And, with one excellence, another wound ;
 Maim heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,
 Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,
 Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise :
 A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits ! ye baptiz'd infidels !
 Ye worse for mending ! wash'd to fouler stains !
 The ransom was paid down ; the fund of heav'n,
 Heav'n's inexhaustible exhausted fund,
 Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
 All price beyond : Though curious to compute,
 Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum :
 Its value vast, ungraspt by minds *create*,
 For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.

And





Malpas del. et sc.

..... In his blest life
 I see the path, & in his death, the price
 And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
 Of immortality — And did he rise?
 Hear O ye nations! hear it O ye dead!
 He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of Death.

And was the ransom paid? It was: And paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
 The sun beheld it—No, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot: *Midnight* veil'd his face;
 Not such as *this*; not such as nature makes;
 A *midnight* nature shudder'd to behold;
 A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
 Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross;
 Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs! delivered of her dead?
 Hell howl'd; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear;
 Heav'n wept, that men might smile! Heav'n bled,
 Might never die!—— [that man

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*:
 What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?
 Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
 The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
 Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
 To rest from wonders? Other wonders rise;
 And strike where-e'er they roll: my soul is caught:
 Heav'n's sovereign blessings, clust'ring from the Cross,
 Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
 The pris'ner of amaze!—In his blest *life*,
 I see the *path*, and, in his *death*, the *price*,
 And in his great *ascent*, the *proof* supreme
 Of immortality.—And did he rise?
 Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
 He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
 And give the King of glory to come in.
 Who is the King of glory? He who left
 His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
 And give the King of glory to come in.
 Who is the King of glory? He who slew

The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human-race !
 The king of glory, He, whose glory fill'd
 Heav'n with amazement at his love to man ;
 And with divine complacency beheld
Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain ?
 Oh the burst gates ! crush'd sting ! demolished throne !
 Last gasp ! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and
 Heav'n !

This *sum of good* to man. *Whose* nature, then,
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb ?
 Then, then, I rose ; then first *humanity*
 Triumphant past the chrystal ports of light,
 (Stupendous guest !) and seiz'd eternal youth,
 Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
 To call men mortal. Man's mortality
 Was, then, transferr'd to death ; and heav'n's duration
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
 This child of dust—Man, all immortal ! hail ;
 Hail, heav'n ! all lavish of strange gifts to man !
 Thine all the glory ; man's the boundless blifs.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
 On Christian joy's exulting wing, above
 Th' *Aonian* mount !—Alas ! small cause for joy !
 What if to pain immortal ? If extent
 Of being, to preclude a cloſe of woe ?
 Where, then, my boast of immortality ?
 I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt ;
 For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd ;
 'Tis guilt alone can justify his death ;
 Nor that, unless his death can justify
 Relenting guilt in heav'n's indulgent sight.
 If, sick of folly, I relent ; he writes
 My name in heav'n, with that inverted spear
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood !) which pierc'd his side,
 And open'd there a font for all mankind,
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live :
 This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

And

And what is *this*? —Survey the wond'rous cure:
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!

" Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon

" Thro' means that speak its value infinite!

" A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!

" With blood divine of Him, I made my foe!

" Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,

" Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!

" A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!

" Nor I alone! a rebel universe!

" My species up in arms! not one exempt!

" Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies,

" Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!

" As if our race were held of highest rank;

" And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"

Bound, ev'ry heart! and ev'ry bosom, burn!

O what a scale of miracles is here!

Its lowest round, high planted on the skies;

Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought

Of man or angel! O that I could climb

The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!

Praise! flow for ever, (if astonishment

Will give thee leave) my praise! for ever flow;

Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heav'n

More fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd,

And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to heav'n, shall *praise* descend,

With her soft plume (from *plausive* angels wing

First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,

Thus diving in the pockets of the great?

Is *praise* the perquisite of ev'ry paw,

Tho' black as hell, that grapples well for gold?

Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours!

Shall *praise* her odours waste on VIRTUE's dead,

Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,

Earn dirty bread by washing *Aethiops* fair,

Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,

A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* posts,

Like

Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
 Their future ornaments ? From courts and thrones,
 Return, apostate *praise* ! thou vagabond !
 Thou prostitute ! to thy first love return,
 Thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd theme.

There flow redundant ; like *Meander* flow,
 Back to thy fountain ; to that Parent Pow'r,
 Who gives the tongue to found, the thought to soar,
 The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
 In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
 Of guilt to guilt ; and turn their back on thee,
Great Sire ! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing ;
 To prostrate angels, an amazing scene !
 O the presumption of man's awe for man !—
 Man's Author ! End ! Restorer ! Law ! and Judge !
 Thine, all ; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
 With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds :
 What, night eternal, but a frown from thee ?
 What, heav'n's meridian glory, but thy smile ?
 And shall not *praise* be thine, not human praise ?
 While heav'n's high host on *hallelujahs* live ?

O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
 My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,
 And all her infinite of prospect fair,
 Cut thro' the shades of hell, *great Love* ! by thee
 Oh most Adorable ! most Unador'd !
 Where shall that praise begin which ne'er should end ?
 Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause !
 How is *night*'s fable mantle labour'd o'er,
 How richly wrought with attributes divine !
 What *wisdom* shines ! what *love* ! This midnight pomp,
 This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd !
 Built with divine ambition ! nought to thee ;
 For others this profusion : Thou, apart,
 Above ! beyond ! Oh tell me, mighty Mind !
 Where art thou ? Shall I dive into the *deep* ?
 Call to the *sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,

For

For their Creator? Shall I question loud
 The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
 Or holds H E furious *storms* in streighten'd reins,
 And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?

What mean these questions!—Trembling I retract;
 My prostrate soul adores the *present* God:
 Praise I a distant deity? He tunes
 My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sustains:
 Wrap'd in his being, I resound his praise:
 But tho' past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
 His essence; *local* is his throne (as meet),
 To gather the dispers'd (as standards call
 The lifted from afar): to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,
 Since *finite* ev'ry nature but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature's* birth;
 And *nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand;
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
 The great *First-Last*! pavilion'd high he sits
 In darkness from excessive splendor born,
 By gods unseen, unless thro' lustre lost.
 His glory, to created glory, bright,
 As that to central horrors; he looks down
 On all that soars; and spans immensity.

Tho' *night* unnumbered worlds unfold to view,
 Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,
 A mere effluvium of his majesty:
 And shall an atom of this atom-world
 Mutter in dust and sin, the theme of heav'n?
 Down to the centre should I send my thought
 Thro' beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
 Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
 Goes out in darkness: if, on tow'ring wing,
 I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars!
 The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,
 Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King!
 It to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;

And

And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they want,
 Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
 Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
 Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.

Still more—'Tis theme is man's, and man's alone;
 Their vast appointments reach it not: 'They see
 On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
 And *downward* look for heav'n's superior praise!
 First-born of Ether! high in fields of light!
 View man, to see the glory of your God!
 Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;
 And some *did* envy; and the rest, tho' gods,
 Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
 Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
 They less would *feel*, tho' more adorn, my theme.
 They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar'd);
 How rose in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
 Thine is *redemption*; they just give the key:
 'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
 Tho' human, yet divine; for should not *this*
 Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here*?
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
 Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in heav'n.
 A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
 If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

Here pause, and ponder: Was there death in heav'n?
 What then on earth? On earth, which struck the blow?
 Who struck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd,
 Seen thro' this medium! How the pigmy tow'rs!
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
 How voided his vast distance from the skies!
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
 Which is the seraph? Which the born of clay?
 How this demonstrates, thro' the thickest cloud

Of

Of guilt, and clay condens't, the son of heav'n !
 The *double* son ; the made, and the re-made !
 And shall heav'n's double property be lost ?
 Man's double madness only can destroy.
 To man the bleeding cross has promis'd *all* ;
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace ;
 Who gave his life, what grace shall He deny !
 O ye ! who, from this *Rock of ages*, leap,
 Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep !
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
 Our int'rest in the Master of the storm !
 Cling *there*, and in wreck'd nature's ruins *smile* ;
 While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.

Man ! know thyself. All wisdom centres there :
 To none man seems ignoble, but to man ;
 Angels that grandeur, men o'er-look, admire :
 How long shall human nature be *their* book,
 Degen'rate mortal ! and *unread* by Thee ?
 The beam dim *reason* sheds shews wonders There ;
 What high contents ! Illustrious faculties !
 But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
 By heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the *Cross*.

Who looks on That, and sees not in himself
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial god ?
 A glorious partner with the Deity
 In that high attribute, immortal life ?
 If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm :
 I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
 Catches strange fire, Eternity ! at Thee ;
 And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys :
 How chang'd the face of nature ! how improv'd !
 What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
 Or, what a world, an *Eden* ; heighten'd all !
 It is another scene ! another self !
 And still another, as time rolls along ;
 And that a *self* far more illustrious still.

Beyond

Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
 Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
 What evolutions of surprising fate!
 How nature opens, and receives my soul
 In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
 Encounter and embrace me! What new births
 Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
 Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
 Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot!

Is this extravagant? Of man we form
 Extravagant conception, to be just:
 Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:
 Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
 The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
 From spirit's awful fountain; pour'd Himself
 'I thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream,
 Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
 As his wise plan demanded; and when past
 Their various trials, in their various spheres,
 If they *continue* rational, as made,
 Reforbs them all into Himself again;
 His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to sing,
 Tho' yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
 Angels are men of a superior kind;
 Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
 High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
 And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
 Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
 And slipp'ry step; the bottom of the steep.
 Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;
 While *Here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
 And summon'd to the *glorious Standard* soon,
 Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.
 Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
 Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
 MICHAEL has fought our battles; RAPHAEL sung
 Our

Our triumphs ; GABRIEL on our errands flown,
Sent by the SOV'REIGN : and are these, O man !
Thy friends, thy warm allies ! And Thou (thame burn
The cheek to cinder !) rival to the brute ?

Religion's All. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next* ;
Religion ! the sole voucher man is man ;
Supporter sole of man above himself ;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion ! Providence ! an After-state !
Here is firm footing ; *here* is solid rock !
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where Ether pure
Surrounds him, and *Elysian* prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load ;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change ;
So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,
And fordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To *Reason's* region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;
And, groaning *Calvary*, of thee ! *There* shine
The noblest truths ; *there* strongest motives sting ;
There sacred violence assaults the soul ;
There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborn.
Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
He weeps ! — the falling drop puts out the sun ;
He sighs — the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If in his love so terrible, what then

His

His wrath inflam'd? his tendernefs on fire?
 Like foft, fmoother oil, outblazing other fires?
 Can pray'r, can praife avert it?—Thou, my *All!*
 My theme! my infpiration! and my crown!
 My ftrength in age! my rife in low eftate!
 My foul's ambition, pleafure, wealth!—my world!
 My light in darknefs! and my life in death!
 My boaft thro' time! blifs thro' eternity!
 Eternity, too fhort to fpeak thy praife!
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
 To man of men the meaneft, ev'n to me;
 My facrifice! my God!—what things are thefe!

What then art THOU? by what name fhall I call
 Knew I the name devout archangels ufe, [Thee?
 Devout archangels fhould the name enjoy,
 By me unrival'd; thoufands more fublime,
 None half fo dear, as that which, tho' unspoke
 Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
 Is loft in love! Thou great PHILANTHROPIST!
 Father of angels! but the friend of man!
 Like JACOB, fondeft of the younger born!
 Thou, who didft fave him, fnatch the fmoking brand
 From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
 How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to diftrefs!
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
 Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
 To challenge, and to diftance all return!
 Of lavish love ftupendous heights to foar,
 And leave praife panting in the diftant vale!
 Thy right too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
 And facrilegious our fublimeft fong.
 But fince the naked *will* obtains thy fmile,
 Beneath this monument of praife *unpaid*,
 And future life fymphonious to my ftrain,
 (That nobleft hymn to heav'n!) for ever lie
 Intomb'd my *fear of death!* and ev'ry fear,
 The dread of ev'ry evil, but Thy frown.

Whom.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile !
 Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
 Ye quietists, in homage to the skies !
 Serene ! of soft address ! who mildly make
 An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
 Abhorring violence ; who *halt* indeed ;
 But, for the blessing, *wrestle* not with heav'n !
 Think you my song too turbulent ? too warm ?
 Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul ?
 Reason alone baptiz'd ? alone *ordain'd*
 To touch things sacred ? Oh for warmer still !
 Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs ;
 Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song !
 THOU, my much-injur'd theme ! with that soft eye,
 Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast ;
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists !
 On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;
 Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
 Shall heav'n, which gave us ardor, and has shewn
 Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
 What smooth emolients in theology,
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ?
 Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd* ?
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;
 But when it glows, its heat is struck to heav'n ;
 To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;
 High heav'n's *orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
 Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heav'n,
 Soft-wafted on celestial *pity's* plume,
 Thro' the vast spaces of the universe,
 To cheer me in this melancholy gloom ?
 Oh when will *death* (now stingleis) like a friend,
 Admit me of their choir ? O when will *death*,
 This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down ?

Give

Give beings, one in nature, one abode ?
 Oh death divine ! that giv'st us to the skies !
 Great *future* ! glorious patron of the *past*,
 And *present* ! when shall I thy shrine adore ?
 From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
 Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
 This dark, incarcerating *colony*,
 Divides us. Happy day ! that breaks our chain ;
 That manumits ; that calls from exile home ;
 That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
 And re-admits us, thro' the *guardian* hand
 Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne ;
 Who hears our Advocate, and, thro' his wounds
 Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
 'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command :
 'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wise ;
 'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

See thou, LORENZO ! where hangs all our hope !
 Touch'd by the *Grofs*, we live ; or, *more* than die ;
 That *touch* which touch'd not angels ; more divine
 Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
 And darkness into glory ; partial *touch* !
 Ineffably pre-eminent regard !
 Sacred to man, and sov'reign thro' the whole
 Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
 From heav'n thro' all duration, and supports
 In one illustrious, and amazing plan,
 Thy welfare, *nature* ! and thy God's renown ;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
 Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
 Turns earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms
 The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.

Dost ask me when ? When He who dy'd returns ;
 Returns, how chang'd ! Where then the man of woe ?
 In glory's terrors all the godhead burns ;
 And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
 Of deities triumphant in his train,
 Leave a stupendous solitude in heav'n ;

Replenish'd

Replenisht soon, replenisht with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.

Is this by fancy thrown remote? and rise
Dark doubts between the promise, and event?

I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Christian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Thro' depths of Ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.

Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
HE, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with Him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; ev'n *adders* hear;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of death,
To break the flock blind *nature* cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* disarms destruction; and absolves
From ev'ry clam'rous charge, the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve? LORENZO!—"Reason bids,
"All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-sacred *reason*! source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: Deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.

Wear

Wear I the blessed Cross, by fortune stamp't
 On passive nature, before thought was born?
 My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
 No; *reason* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
 Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale;
 My heart became the convert of my head;
 And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
 "On argument alone my faith is built:"

Reason pursu'd is *faith*; and, unpursu'd
 Where proof invites, 'tis *reason*, then, no more:
 And such our *proof*, That, or our *faith*, is *right*,
 Or *reason* lyes, and heav'n design'd it *wrong*:
 Absolve we This? What, then, is blasphemy?

Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
 The fading flower shall die; but *reason* lives
 Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
 When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
 Wrong not the Christian; think not *reason* *yours*:
 'Tis *reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;
 'Tis *reason*'s injur'd rights His wrath resents;
 'Tis *reason*'s voice obey'd His glorious crown;
 To give lost *reason* life, He pour'd his own:
 Believe, and shew the reason of a man;
 Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
 Thro' *reason*'s wounds alone thy *faith* can die;
 Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
 And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.

Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans*, due
 To those, who push our *antidote* aside;
 Those boasted friends to *reason*, and to *man*,
 Whose fatal love stabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
 Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
 These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd
 And vilify'd at once; of *reason* dead,

Then

Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old ;
 What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ?
 While *love of truth* thro' all their camp resounds,
 They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide-ray,
 Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
 Of philosophic wit, call'd Argument ;
 And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
 " Behold the sun : " And, *Indian-like*, adore.

Talk they of *morals* ? O thou bleeding Love !
 Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind !
 The *grand* morality is love of Thee.
 As wise as SOCRATES, if such they were,
 (Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown)
 As wise as SOCRATES, might justly stand
 The definition of a modern fool.

A CHRISTIAN is the highest stile of man :
 And is there, who the blessed Cross wipes off,
 As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow ?
 If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :
 The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
 More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell ?

Ye sold to sense ! ye citizens of earth !
 (For such alone the Christian banner fly)
 Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain ?
 Behold the picture of earth's happiest man :
 " He calls his wish, it comes ; he sends it back,
 " And says, he call'd another ; that arrives,
 " Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on ;
 " Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
 " But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
 " Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free ;
 " A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy ; grant him happy long ;
 Add to life's highest prize her latest hour ;
 That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
 That, like a post, comes on in full career :
 How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud !
 Where is the fable of thy former years ?

D

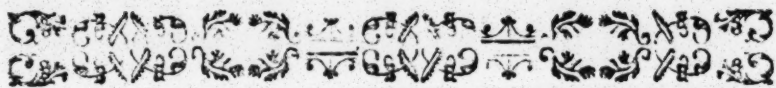
Thrown

Thrown down the gulph of time ; as far from Thee
 As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,
 Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;
 Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;
 And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
 By strides as swift : Eternity is All ;
 And whose Eternity ? Who triumphs there ?
 Bathing for ever in the font of bliss !
 For ever basking in the Deity !

LORENZO ! who ?—Thy conscience shall reply.

O give it leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,
 Thy leave unaskt : LORENZO ! hear it now,
 While useful its advice, its accent mild.
 By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is deposited with man's *last hour* ;
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust ;
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity ;
Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds ;
 Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made ;
 Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
 Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,
 That heav'n-commissioned hour no sooner calls,
 But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
 Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,
 The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame ;
 Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
 Dark *dæmons* I discharge, and *Hydra* stings ;
 The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell :
 Just definition ! tho' by schools untaught.
 Ye deaf to truth ! peruse this Parson'd page,
 And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest ;
 " Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."

NIGHT



NIGHT the FIFTH.

T H E

R E L A P S E.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earl of LITCHFIELD.

L ORENZO! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who fought no more.

As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *muse*
Has often bluiht at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given, to make a *civet* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.

D 2

We

We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride*.
These share the man; and these distract him too;
 Draw diff'rent ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
 But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
 Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* resents;
Pleasure embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
 And both *at once*: A point how hard to gain!
 But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?
 Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
 Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *reason's* taste;
 In subtle *sophistry's* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
 To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose;
 Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
 A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
 A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
 To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
 And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
 Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no more;
 That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
 At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
 By *wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace,
 And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
 From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art! wipes off th' indebted blush
 From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.
 Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
 And infamy stands candidate for praise.
 All writ by man in favour of the soul,
 These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend.
 The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
 O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
 Can pow'rs of genius exorcise their page,
 And consecrate enormities with song?
 But let not these inexpiable strains

Condemn

Condemn the muse that knows her dignity ;
Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her esteem ; from whence to start,
And run the round of universal space,
'To visit Being universal there,
And Being's Source, that utmost flight of mind !
Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great* :
Sing *syrens* only ? Do not angels sing ?
There is in *poesy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to *prose*,
Her younger sister ; haply, not more wise.

Think'it thou, LORENZO ! to find pastimes here ?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or *filken* tale :
But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, through these revolving spheres,
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade :
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour ;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires ;
And thy dark pencil, *midnight* ! darker still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, ev'n *this*, my laughter-loving friends !
LORENZO ! and thy brothers of the smile !
If, what imports you most, can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or, if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing ; the truths I sing shall feel ;
And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent
Is ample recompence : is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD ! nor mistake :
Think not un-introduc'd I force my way :
NARCISSA, not unknown, not unall'y'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth !

To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bow'rs,
 Where all the language *harmony*, descends
 Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse :
 A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise :
 Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.

O Thou ! Blest Spirit ! *whether* the supreme,
 Great antemundane Father ! in whose breast
 Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
 And all its various revolutions roll'd
 Present, though future : prior to themselves ;
 Whose breath can blow it into nought again ;
 Or, from his throne some delegated pow'r,
 Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
 From vain and vile, to solid and sublime !
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
 Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
 And fuller of the God, than that which burst
 From fam'd *Castalia* : Nor is yet allay'd
 My sacred thirst ; though long my soul has rang'd
 Through pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
 By Thee sustain'd, and lighted by the STARS.

By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought* ;
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
 By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
 Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
 Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
 By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
 Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
 By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
 Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpress'd, the births
 Of pure election, arbitrary range,
 Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd :
 But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
 As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.

Let *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore :
Darkness has more divinity for me ;
 It strikes thought inward ; it drives back the soul

To

To settle on Herself, our point supreme !
There lies our theatre ! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops on life's dull scene ;
 'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
 'Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis *reason's* reign,
 And *virtue's* too ; these tutelary shades
 Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too ;
 It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the croud,
 Nor touches on the world, without a stain :
 The world's infectious : few bring back at eve,
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
 Something we *thought*, is blotted : we *resolv'd*,
 Is shaken : we *renounc'd*, returns again.
 Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw,
 Nor is it strange : *Light, motion, concurrence, noise*,
 All, scatter us abroad : thought outward-bound,
 Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,
 And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition ; *love of gain*
 Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast ;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe ;
 And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
 From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
 And shot at random, often has brought home
 A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
 Of *envy, rancour, or impure desire*.
 We see, we hear, with peril ; *safety* dwells
 Remote from *multitudes* ; the world's a school
 Of *wrong*, and what proficient's swarm around !
 We must, or imitate, or disapprove ;
 Must list as their accomplices, or foes ;

That stains our innocence ; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it ?

'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.

Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend ;
The conscious moon, through ev'ry distant age,
Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd *Athenian*, he who woo'd from heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In *private* audience : All the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands ;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main !)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments ! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time ! Auspicious *midnight* ! hail !
The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n,
Here the soul sits in council ; ponders *past*,
Predelines *future* action ; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm ;
All her lyes answers, and *thinks* down her charms.

What awful joy ! What mental liberty !

I am not pent in darkness ; rather say

(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.

Delightful gloom ! the clust'ring thoughts around

Spontaneous





Urania my celestial guest
 Conscious how needfull discipline to man
 My wandring thought recalls to what excites
 Far other beat of heart Narcissus's tomb.

Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade ;
 But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere ; from that *first* fire,
 Fountain of animation ! whence descends
 URANIA, my celestial guest ! who deigns
 Nightly to visit me, so mean ; and *now*
 Conscious how needful discipline to man,
 From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
 My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
 Far other beat of heart ! NARCISSA'S tomb !
 Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
 And breaks my spirit into grief again ?
 Is it a *Stygian* vapour in my blood ?
 A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins ?
 Or is it thus with all men ?—Thus with all.
 What are we ? How unequal ! Now we soar,
 And now we sink ; to be the *same*, transcends
 Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
 For lodging ill ; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor ! but adds
 The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
 The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
 In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
 But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly ;
 Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
 Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again ;
 And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praise.
 'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
 Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
 Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
 Where *grief* detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,
 Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
 And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in Ether pure,
 And struck the stars ; *now* feel my spirits fail ;
 They drop me from the zenith ; down I rush,
 Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,

In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
 How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
 I dive for precious pearl in *sorrow's* stream:
 Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves;
 Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
 (Inestimable gain!); and gives heav'n leave
 To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
 Ennobles man? What else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficient in thy school are made,
 Than *genius*, or *proud learning*, e'er cou'd boast.
Voracious learning, often over-fed,
 Digests not into sense her motley meal.
 This *book-cave*, with dark booty almost burst,
 This *forager* on others' wisdom, leaves
 Her native farm, her *reason* quite untill'd.
 With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
 Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary.
 A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
 Her *servant's* wealth, incumber'd *wisdom* mourns.

And what says *genius*? "*Let the dull be wise.*"
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
 And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.
 It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense*:
 Considers *reason* as a leveller;
 And scorns to share a blessing with the croud.
 That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
 To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
 CRASSUS but sleeps, ARDELIO is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But *wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
 When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
 And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning shower:
 Her seed celestial, then, glad *wisdom* sows;
 Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
 If so, NARCISSA! welcome my *Relapse*;
 I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
 And reap rich compensation from my pain.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field ;
 And gather ev'ry thought of sov'reign power
 To chase the moral maladies of man ;
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
 Though natives of this coarse penurious soil ;
 Nor wholly wither *there*, where *seraphs* sing,
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heav'n.
Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
 In either clime, though more illustrious *there*.
 These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
 Shall form a garland for NARCISSA's tomb ;
 And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.

Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?
 " Th' importance of contemplating the tomb ;
 " *Why* men decline it ; *suicide's* foul birth ;
 " The various *kind of grief* ; the *faults of age* ;
 " And *death's dread character*—invite my song."

And, first th' importance of our end survey'd.
 Friends counsel quick-dismission of our grief :
 Mistaken kindness ! our hearts heal *too soon*.
 Are *they* more kind than *he*, who struck the blow ?
 Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
 And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,
 And bring it back, a true, and endless peace ?
 Calamities are *friends* : As glaring *day*
 Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight ;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
 Of import high, and light divine, to man.

The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
 (Scenes apt to thrust between Us and Ourselves !)
 Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
 Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
 Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastical ray ;
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs !
 LORENZO ! read with me NARCISSA's stone ;
 (NARCISSA was thy fav'rite) let us read
 Her *moral stone* ; few doctors preach so well ;

Few orators so tenderly can touch
 The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date* !
 Apt words can strike : and yet in them we see
 Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
 What cause have *we* to build on length of life ?
Temptations seize, when *fear* is laid asleep ;
 And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess ! sallies on my soul,
 And puts *delusion's* dusky train to flight ;
 Dispels the mists our sultry *passions* raise,
 From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene ;
 And shews the *real* estimate of things ;
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw ;
 Pulls off the veil from *virtue's* rising charms ;
 Detects *temptation* in a thousand lyes.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
 Driv'n by the whirlwind : Lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
 See things invisible, feel things remote,
 Am present with futurities ; think nought
 To man so foreign, as the joys *possess* ;
 Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* sight ;
 Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms ;
 In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,
 If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
 Like *Sibyl*, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss !
 At the first blast it vanishes in air.
 Not so, *celestial* : Would'st thou know, LORENZO !
 How differ *worldly wisdom*, and *divine* ?
 Just as the waning, and the waxing moon.
 More empty *worldly wisdom* ev'ry day ;
 And ev'ry day more fair her *rival* shines.
 When *later*, there's less time to play the fool.
 Soon our whole term for wisdom is expir'd
 (Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave) :

And

And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wisdom wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble *Sibyl's* leaves,
The good man's days to *Sibyl's* books compare,
(In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale)
In price still rising, as in number less,
Inestimable quite his final hour.

For That who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.

"Oh let me die his death!" all nature cries.

"Then live his life."—All nature falters there.

Our great physician daily to consult,

To commune with the *grave*, our only cure. [yet,

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's; and
From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage?
Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.

Why are friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,
By soft *affection's* ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reason*, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *there*.

Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand!

Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!

And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.

Is death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still?

Though numerous messengers are sent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
The wond'rous cause of this mysterious ill?

All heav'n looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it, that life has sown her *joys* so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?

Is it, that life has such a swarm of *cares*,

The

The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying sifter for the fame.
Life glides away, LORENZO! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think.
Our life, tho' still more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; what see we there?
Our brittle bark is burst on *Charon's* shore.

Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul!
Like *him* so strong, by *Dalilah* the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
The *good man* would repine; would *suffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein;
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.

What

What groan was that, LORENZO?—Furies! rise;
 And drown in your less execrable yell,
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
 On wing impetuous, a black fullen soul,
 Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
 Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
 So call'd, so thought—And *then* he fled the field.
 Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.

O *Britain*, infamous for Suicide!

An *island* in thy manners! far disjoin'd
 From the whole world of *rational*s beside!
 In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
 Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
 Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
 And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
 Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
 The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd:
Immoral climes kind nature never made.

The cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,
 And proves, It is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow,
 Who names his *soul*), a native of the skies!
 High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
 Unfold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
 Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
 Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
 Studious of home, and ardent to return,
 Of *earth* suspicious, *earth's* enchanted cup
 With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,
 On *immortality*, her godlike taste;

There take large draughts: make her chief banquet

But some reject this sustenance divine; [*there.*
 To beggarly vile appetites descend;

Ask alms of *earth*, for guests that came from *heav'n*!
 Sink into slaves; and sell, for *present* hire,

Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)

Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways

This

This nether world. And when his payments fail,
 When his foul basket gorges them no more,
 Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full;
 Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
 For breaking all the chains of Providence,
 And bursting their confinement; tho' fast barr'd
 By laws divine and human; guarded strong
 With *horrors* doubled to defend the pass,
 The blackest, *nature*, or *dire guilt* can raise;
 And moated round with fathomless *destruction*,
 Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.

Such, *Britons!* is the *cause*, to you unknown,
 Or worse, o'erlook'd by magistrates,
 Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
 Is madness; but the madness of the *heart*.
 And what is that? Our utmost bound of guilt.
 A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
 With monstrous births, and *Suicide*, to crown
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break
 Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush
 Thro' sacred *nature's* murder, on their own,
 Because they never *think of death*, they die.
 'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
 At once to shun, and meditate, his end.
 When by the bed of languishment we sit,
 (The seat of *wisdom!* if our choice, not fate)
 Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
 Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock,
 Start at the voice of an Eternity;
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
 Then sink again, and quiver into death,
 That most pathetic herald of our own;
 How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
 In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent,
 To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
 Indelible, *death's* image on his heart;

Bleeding

Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
 We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.
 The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
 Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
 As the tide rushing raises what is writ
 In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a *sigh*?
 Or study'd the philosophy of *tears*?
 (A science, yet unlectur'd in our schools!)
 Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
 And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
 And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.
 Our fun'ral tears, from diff'rent causes, rise.
 As if from sep'rate cisterns in the soul,
 Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
 By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
 And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious *art* distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
 Struck by the magic of the public eye,
 Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
 So high in merit, and to them so dear.
 They dwell on praises, which they think they share;
 And thus, without a blush, commend Themselves.
Some mourn, in proof, that something they could love:
 They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *shew*.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
 As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappris'd,
 Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
 With what address the soft *Ephesians* draw
 Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
 As seen thro' chrystal, how their roses glow,
 While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek?
 Of her's not prouder *Egypt's* wanton queen,
 Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abstracted from the dead,

And

And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own decease.
By kind construction some are *deem'd* to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain ;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.

Passion, blind *passion* ! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more ; while *reason* sleeps ;
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd ;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm ;
Knows not it speaks to *her*, and *her alone*.

Irrationals all sorrows are beneath,
That noble gift ! that privilege of man !
From *sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy.
But *these* are barren of that birth divine :
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short ! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stings tale ;
Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.

Half-round the globe, the tears pumpt up by *death*
Are spent in war'ring vanities of life ;
In making *folly* flourish still more fair.
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust ;
Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
'Tho' there thrown down her true support to learn,
Without heav'n's aid, impatient to be blest,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
'Tho' from the stately cedar's arms she fell ;
With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life :
Presents her *weed*, well fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's head* on the ring.

So wept AURELIA, till the destin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching fables into bridal bloom.

So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's fate ;
 Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats ;
 And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth !
 Not such, NARCISSA, my distress for Thee.
 I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
 To sacrifice to wisdom.—What wast Thou ?
 “ Young, gay, and fortunate ! ” Each yields a theme.
 I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe ;
 (Heav'n knows I labour with feverer still !)
 I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.
 A soul without reflection, like a pile
 Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And, first, thy *youth*. What says it to grey hairs !
 NARCISSA, I'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
 Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n.
Time on this head has snow'd ; yet still 'tis borne
 Aloft ; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
 Cover'd with shame I speak it, *age* severe
 Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair ;
 With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
 That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
 Father of all, forgetfulness of death ;
 As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen :
 Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right ;
 And men might plead prescription from the grave ;
 Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
 Deathless ? far from it ! *such* are dead already ;
 Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.

Tell me, some god ! my guardian angel ! tell,
 What thus infatuates ? what enchantment plants
 The phantom of an age 'twixt us, and death
 Already at the door ? He knocks, we hear,
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
 Our untouch'd hearts ? What miracle turns off
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd ?

We

We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
 Around us falling ; wounded oft ourselves ;
 Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still !
 We see time's furrows on another's brow,
 And death intrench'd, preparing his assault ;
 How few themselves, in that just mirror, see !
 Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong !
There death is certain ; doubtful *here* : He *must*,
 And *soon* ; We *may*, within an *age*, expire.
 Tho' grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green ;
 Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent ;
Folly sings Six, while *nature* points at Twelve.

Aburd *longevity* ! More, More, it cries :
 More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
 And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails ?
Object, and *appetite*, must club for joys ;
 Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
 Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
 While *nature* is relaxing ev'ry string ?
 Ask *thought* for joy ; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
 Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
 Has nothing of more manly to succeed ?
 Contract the taste immortal ; learn ev'n Now
 To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
 Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die.
 That wish is *praise*, and *promise* ; it applauds
 Past life, and promises our future bliss.
 What weakness see not children in their fires ?
 Grand-climacterical absurdities !
 Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
 How shocking : It makes folly thrice a fool ;
 And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
 Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first* ; the *last*,
 Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.
Folly bars both ; our age is quite undone.

What folly can be ranker ? Like our shadows,

Our

Our wishes lengthen, as our fun declines.
 No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
 Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
 Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
 Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
 Defects of *judgment*; and the *will's* subdue;
 Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
 Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
 And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
 That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
 If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene!

All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
 Their future; their future foretaste;
 This art would waste the bitterness of death.
 The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
 A disaffection to that precious thought
 Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
 Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Doit ask, LORENZO, why so warmly prest,
 By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
 The thought of death? That thought is the machine,
 The grand machine! that heaves us from the dust,
 And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd home,
 Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
 O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,
 And gently slope our passage to the grave;
 How warmly to be wisht! What heart of flesh
 Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
 Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
 Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
 (To speak a language *too well* known to Thee)
 Would at a moment give its *All* to chance,
 And *stamp* the die for an eternity?

Aid me, NARCISSA! aid me to keep pace
 With *destiny*; and ere her scissars cut
 My thread of life, to break this tougher thread

Of

Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
 Sting thou my slumb'ring *reason* to send forth
 A thought of observation on the foe ;
 To fally ; and survey the rapid march
 Of his ten thousand messengers to man ;
 Who, JEHU-like, behind him turns them all.
 All *accident* apart, by *nature* sign'd,
 My warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet ;
 Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for death ?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
 Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year.
 Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
 Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
 My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, His ; my *yesterday* ;
 The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
 Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
 While man is growing, life is in decrease ;
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun ;
 As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
 Which comes to pass each moment of our lives ?
 If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale,
 Which murders *strength* and *ardour* ; what remains
 Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
 Ye partners of my fault, and my decline !
 Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbours knell
 (Rude visitant !) knocks hard at your dull sense,
 And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear !
 Be death your theme, in ev'ry place and hour ;
 Nor longer want, ye monumental Sires !
 A brother tomb to tell you you shall die.
 'That death you *dread* (so great is nature's skill !)
 Know, you shall *court* before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in volumes, deep you sit ;
 In wisdom, shallow : Pompous ignorance !
 Wou'd you be still more learned, than the learn'd !

Learn

Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indispenfable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride;
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat: it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
'Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: Or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *farcaſtic*, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countless multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths!
Tho' great our sorrow, greater our surprize.

Like other tyrants, *death* delights to smite,
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens tomb:
Me Thine, NARCISSA!—What tho' short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling funs, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.

In

In hoary youth METHUSALEMS may die ;
O how *misdated* on their flatt'ring tombs !

NARCISSA's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counsel too ?
That, like the *Jews* fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles instruction ; such as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death* ;
Ill known to thee, LORENZO ! *This* thy vaunt :
" Give death his due, the wretched, and the old ;
" Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave ;
" Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
" But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'st him ; *young* and *gay*
He takes ; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, " The farthest from the *fear*,
" Are often nearest to the *stroke* of Fate ?"

All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life :
As if bright embers should emit a flame,
Glad spirits sparkled from NARCISSA's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
As nature's opposites wage endless war,
For *this* offence, as treason to the deep
Inviolable stupor of his reign,
Where *lust*, and turbulent *ambition*, sleep,
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
More life is still more odious ; and, reduc'd
By conquest, aggrandizes more his pow'r.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd ? By heav'n's decree,
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commission : " Strike, but *so*,
" As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprize*,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim ;
And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What

What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
 In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
 Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
 Who travel under cover, *death* assumes
 The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
 He takes all shapes that serve his black designs:
 Tho' master of a wider empire far
 Than that, o'er which the *Roman* eagle flew.
 Like *Nero*, he's a fidler, charioteer,
 Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guise;
 Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,
 His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,
 His slender self. Hence burly corpulence
 Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
 Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
 Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
 In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
 Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
 Such, on *NARCISSA*'s couch he loiter'd long
 Unknown; and, when detected, still was seen
 To smile; such peace has innocence in death!
 Most happy they! whom least his arts deceive.
 One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heav'n*,
 Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
 Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,
 I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant *dress*;
 Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.
 Say, muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
 And shew *LORENZO* the surprising scene;
 If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I stood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* pusht him back;
 Supported by a doctor of renown,
 His point he gain'd. Then artfully *dismiss*
 The sage; for *death* design'd to be conceal'd.
 He gave an old vivacious *usurer*

E

His

His meagre aspect, and his naked bones ;
 In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
 A pamp'ring *spendthrift* ; whose fantastic air,
 Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
 He took in change, and underneath the pride
 Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
 His crooked bow he straiten'd to a cane ;
 And hid his deadly shafts in MYRA's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipt,
 Out-sallies on adventures. Ask you where ?
 Where is he not ! For his peculiar haunts,
 Let *this* suffice ; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleasure's* footsteps round the world,
 When *pleasure* treads the paths, which *reason* shuns.
 When, against *reason*, *riot* shuts the door,
 And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*,
 Then, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die ;
 Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
 Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Only he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
 As absent far : And when the revel burns,
 When *fear* is banisht, and triumphant thought,
 Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
 Against him turns the key ; and bids him sup
 With their progenitors—He drops his mask ;
 Frowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprize,
 From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
 He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
 And is not this triumphant treachery,
 And *more than simple conquest*, in the fiend ?

And now, LORENZO, dost thou wrap thy soul
 In soft security, because unknown
 Which moment is commission'd to destroy ?
 In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
 Is *death* uncertain ? Therefore Thou be fixt ;
 Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,

All expectation of the coming foe.
 Rouë, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear :
 Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
 And *fate* surprize thee nodding. Watch, be strong ;
 Thus give each day the merit, and renown.
 Of dying well ; tho' doom'd but once to die.
 Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from most)
 Hide too from Thee the precious *use* of life.

Early, not sudden, was NARCISSA's fate.
 Soon, not surprizing, *death* his visit paid.
 Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
 Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die :
 Tho' *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
 As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
 And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her sight,
 To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man ;
 And ev'ry thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conspir'd
 To weave a *triple* wreath of happiness
 (If happiness on earth) to crown her brow.
 And could *death* charge thro' such a shining shield ?

That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear,
 As if to damp our elevated aims,
 And strongly preach humility to man.
 O how portentous is prosperity !
 How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines !
 Few years but yield us proof of *death's* ambition,
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
 With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
 'The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
 When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
 Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,
 How often have I seen him dropt at once,
 Our morning's envy ! and our ev'ning's sigh !

As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

High fortune seems in cruel league with *fate*.
Ask you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns LORENZO still for the sublime
Of life? to hang his airy nest on high,
On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *death* at equal distance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happiness *deny'd*?
LORENZO! no: 'Tis happiness *disdain'd*.
She comes too meanly drest to win our smile;
And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;
A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
As late I drew *death's* picture, to stir up
Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see
Gay fortune's, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still *more* ador'd) to snatch the golden show'r.

Gold



Gold glitters most, where *virtue* shines no more;
 As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
 O what a precious pack of votaries
 Unkennell'd from the prisons, and the stews,
 Pour in, all op'ning in their idols' praise;
 All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
 And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
 Morfel on morfel swallow down unchew'd,
 Untasted, thro' mad appetite for more;
 Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.
 Sagacious All, to trace the smallest game,
 And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
 Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
 O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
 Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r,
 Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
 Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
 With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
Some parting, strike their ardent with far off,
 Thro' fury to possess it: *Some* succeed,
 But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
 From *some*, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
 And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain,
 To *some* it sticks so close, that, when torn off,
 Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
 Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread,
 Together *some* (unhappy rivals!) seize,
 And rend abundance into poverty;
 Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:
 Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at those,
 (Just victims of exorbitant desire!)
 Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd
 Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,
 The number small, which happiness can bear.
 Tho' *various* for a while their fates; at last

One curse involves them all : At death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn, in just proportion to their store.

And *death's* approach (if orthodox my song)
Is hasten'd by the lure of *fortune's* smiles.

And art thou still a glutton of bright gold ?

And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin ?

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;

A blow, which, while it executes, alarms ;

And startles thousands with a single fall.

As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,

Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,

'The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence ;

By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,

Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,

In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground :

The conscious forest trembles at the shock,

And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.

These high aim'd darts of *death*, and these alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.

A quiver, which, suspended in mid air,

Or near heav'n's *archer*, in the zodiack, hung,

(So could it be) *should* draw the public eye,

The gaze and contemplation of mankind !

A constellation awful, yet benign,

To guide the *gay* through life's tempestuous wave ;

Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,

" From greater danger to grow more secure,

" And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."

LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,

Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.

He woo'd the fair ASPASIA : She was kind :

In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest :

All who knew, envy'd ; yet in envy lov'd :

Can fancy form more finished happiness ?

Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome

Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering spires

Float in the wave, and break against the shore :

So

So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smil'd : he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives :
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel) ;
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar ;
And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
A tear ?—Can tears suffice ?—But not for *me*.
How vain our efforts ! and our arts, how vain !
The *distant* train of thought I took, to shun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*These* died together ;
Happy in ruin ! *undivore'd* by death !
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
NARCISSA ! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou wast only *near* me ; not *myself*.
Survive *myself* ?—*That* cures all other woe.
NARCISSA lives ; PHILANDER is forgot.
O the soft commence ! O the tender eyes,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart !
Which, broken, break them ; and drain off the soul
Of human joy ; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live ? When *such* friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.





NIGHT the SIXTH.
THE
INFIDEL Reclaimed.
IN TWO PARTS.

CONTAINING
The NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE, of
IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, GLORY and RICHES are particularly considered.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY PELHAM,
First LORD COMMISSIONER of the TREASURY, and
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

P R E F A C E.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about religion, than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduc'd to this single question, Is man immortal, or is he not? If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, truth, reason, religion, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shewn) mere empty sound,

found, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences ; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawaken'd in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity ; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasonings ; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible. The power which inclination has over the judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it ; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive ! The heathen world confessed, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed immortality ! And how many heathens have we still amongst us ! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel : but by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlooked ! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered ; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers ; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible ; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously in-

to their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, here, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the most important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason only; viz. because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by vanity; which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our Belief.

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in heav'n)
 Not early, like NARCISSA, left the scene;
 Nor sudden, like PHILANDER. What avail?
 'This seeming mitigation but inflames;
 'This fancy'd med'cine heightens the disease.
 'The longer known, the closer still she grew;
 And gradual parting is a gradual death.
 'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
 By tardy pressure's still increasing weight,
 From hardest hearts, confession of distress.

O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
 Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it so)
 With dismal *doubt*, and fable *terror*, hung;
 Sick *hope's* pale lamp its only glimm'ring ray:
 There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
 Forbid *self-love* itself to flatter, there.
 How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
 How oft I saw her dead, while yet in finiles!
 In finiles she sunk *her* grief to lessen *mine*.
 She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
 Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
 By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
 In his pale progress gently gaining ground,

Death

* Referring to Night the fifth.

Death urg'd his deadly siege ; in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars !
(Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
And thou, O moon ! bear witness ; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down my fore attention to the shock,
By ceaseless depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation ! darker ev'ry hour !
Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below ;
When my soul shudder'd at futurity ;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life ; my title to more woe.

But why more woe ? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die ;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain ;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wife ?
'Too dark the sun to see it ; highest stars
Too low to reach it ; *death*, great *death* alone,
O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our *transition* ; though the mind,
An artist at creating felt-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true ? The tyrant never *fat*.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all ;
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death, and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance ; never are alike ;
Fear shakes the pencil ; *fancy* loves excess ;
Dark *ignorance* is lavish of her shades ;
And *these* the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst ; 'tis past ; new prospects rise ;

And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
 Far other views our contemplation claim,
 Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;
 Views that suspend our agonies in death.
 Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
 Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!
 Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
 And find the soul unfated with her theme.
 Its *nature, proof, importance*, fire my song.
 O that my song could emulate my soul!
 Like her, immortal. No!—the soul disdains
 A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames;
 If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
 Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inspire.

Thy *nature, immortality*! who knows?
 And yet who knows it not? It is but life
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
 And spun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
 In *Stygian* dye, how *black*, how *brittle here*!
 How short our correspondence with the sun!
 And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,
 How wanting in their weight! Our highest joys
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,
 And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*
 To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
 With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
 Through habitable space, where-ever born,
 Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
 Of universal nature! To lay hold
 By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme*!
 To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
 (Mines, which support archangels in their state)
 Our own! To rise in science, as in bliss,
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
 To read creation; read its mighty plan,
 In the bare bosom of the Deity!
 The plan, and execution, to collate!
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,

Al

All cloud, all shadow, blown remote ; and leave
 No mystery—but that of Love Divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to *such* a scene !
 Love's element ! true joy's illustrious home !
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair !
 What exquisite vicissitude of fate !
 Blest absolution of our blackest hour !

LORENZO, these are thoughts that make man Man.
 The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
 How Great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod ~~we~~ tread ; soon trodden by our sons)
 How great, in the wild whirl of *time's* pursuits,
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
 Thro' the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarg'd, Ennobled, Elevate, Divine !
 To prophesy our own futurities ;
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends !
 To talk with fellow-candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception as desert,
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale !

LORENZO, swells thy bosom at the thought ?
 The swell becomes thee : 'Tis an honest pride.
 Revere thyself ;—and yet thyself despise.
 His *nature* no man can o'er-rate ; and none
 Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
 Nor there be modest, where thou should'st be proud ;
 That almost universal error shun.

How *just* our pride, when we behold *those* heights !
 Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *virtue* gains ;
 And angels emulate ; our pride how just !
 When mount we ? When these shackles cast ? When
 This

This cell of the creation? This small nest,
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?
 Fine-spun to sense; but gross and feculent
 To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
 Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;
 Greatly triumphant on *time's* farther shore,
 Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
 While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,
 Ye born of earth! on what can you confer,
 With half the dignity, with half the gain,
 'The gust, the glow, of rational delight,
 As on *this* theme, which angels praise and share?
 Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.

What wretched repetition cloy us *here*!
 What periodic potions for the sick!
 Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds!
 In an *Eternity*, what scenes shall strike!
 Adventures thicken! novelties surprize!
 What webs of wonder shall unravel, *there*!
 What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
 And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
 How shall the blessed day of our discharge
 Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
 And straiten its inextricable maze?

If inextinguishable thirst in man
 To know: how rich, how full, our banquets *there*!
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
 The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
 And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
 And seen those fragments by the *lab'ring* eye,
 Unbroken, then, illustrious, and entire,
 Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
 In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
 And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
 From some superior point (where, who can tell?
 Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)

How

How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of Ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port? The *least*
Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers These surpass,
Huge, as *Leviathan*, to that small race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceiv'd! *Stupendous* These!
Yet what are these stupendous to the *whole*?
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vast the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exub'rant Source! perhaps, I wrong thee still.

If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence! Yet this the least in heaven.
What *this* to that illustrious robe *He* wears,
Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power?
'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heaven?
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest?
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
'The *bare* ideas! Solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below.

And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious All,
Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!

A *name*! a mortal immortality!

Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,
For fordid *lucre* plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, sweat, through ev'ry shame, for ev'ry gain,
For vile contaminating trash; throw up
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?

Ambition, av'rice; the two *dæmons* these,
Which goad through every flogh our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop! How steep they climb!
These *dæmons* burn mankind; but most possess
LORENZO's bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in *time* to hide *eternity*?

And why not in an atom on the shore
To cover ocean? or a mote, the sun?
Glory and wealth! have they this blinding pow'r?
What if to *them* I prove LORENZO blind!
Would it surprise thee? Be thou then surpriz'd;
Thou *neither* know'st: Their nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
What close connexion ties them to my theme,
First, what is *true* ambition? The pursuit
Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share.
Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast,
And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as We;
But not *celestial*. Here we stand *alone*;
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame;
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
These *reason*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen*;
The vast unseen! the future fathomless!
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving

Leaving gross *nature's* sediments below,
Then, and then only, *Adam's* offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition: *This* is *human* fire.

Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng?

Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian engin'ry! If *These* alone
Assist our flight, *fame's* flight is *glory's* fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch; when I behold,
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
'The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise——
But wherefore *envy*? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are thinning instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great *ill* is an atchievement of great *pow'rs*.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, *affections* chuse our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a PELHAM's head, to PELHAM's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, *and* means, make wisdom: Wordly-wise
Is but *half-witted*, at its highest praise.

Let *genius* then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *station*: What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,

And

And oft the throng denies its charity.
 Monarchs and ministers, are awful names ;
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
 Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve
 The meanest slave ; *all more* is merit's due,
 Her sacred and inviolable right ;
 Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth* ;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
 Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
 And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
 Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur ;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His *own*, descending fairly from his fires.
 Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
 And souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without ?
 Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize ?
 Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on *Alps* ;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself :
 Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids* :
 Her monuments shall last, when *Egypt's* fall.
 Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause ?
 The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.
 Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r ;
 What station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;
 'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before* ?
 Then thou before wast something *less* than man.
 Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride ?
 That treacherous pride betrays thy dignity ;
 That pride defames humanity, and calls
 The being mean, which *stuffs* or *strings* can raise.
 That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
 From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies.
 'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man :
 An angel's second ; nor his second, long.

A NERO quitting his imperial throne,
 And courting glory from the tinkling string,
 But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
 With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
 If nobler motives minister no cure,
 Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place : 'Tis more ;
 It makes the post stand candidate for Thee ;
 Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man ;
 Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth ;
 And though it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown ;
 Renown, that would not quit thee, though disgrac'd,
 Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.

Other ambition nature interdicts ;
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
 By pointing at his origin, and end ;
 Milk, and a swathe, *at first*, his whole demand ;
 His whole domain, *at last*, a turf, or stone ;
 To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.

Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
 Of *just* ambition, to the grand result,
 The *curtain's* fall ; *there*, see the buskin'd chief
 Unshod behind this momentary scene ;
 Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
 As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;
 And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
 This antic prelude of grotesque events,
 Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
 A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
 And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
 To *Christian* pride ! which had with horror shock'd
 The darkest *pagans*, offer'd to their gods.

O thou *most Christian* enemy to peace !
 Again in arms ? Again provoking fate ?
 That prince, and That alone, is truly great,
 Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes ;
 On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
 And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why

Why *this* so rare? Because forgot of all
 The day of death; that venerable day,
 Which sits as judge; that day, which shall pronounce
 On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
 LORENZO, never shut thy thought against it;
 Be *sevees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
 And give it audience in the *cabinet*.

That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
 Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
 Is That *ambition*? Then let flames *descend*,
 Point to the centre their inverted spires,
 And learn humiliation from a soul,
 Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
 Yet *these* are they, the world pronounces wise;
 The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,
 And casts *new* wisdom: Ev'n the grave man lends
 His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
 Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
 This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
 To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
 The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;
 In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
 Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
 To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
 And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
 But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
 When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
 And downward pores, for that which shines above,
 Substantial happiness, and true renown;
 Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
 We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
 At glory grasp, and sink in insanity.

Ambition! pow'rful source of good and ill!
 Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
 When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease
 And swifter flight transports us to the skies;
 By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,

It

It turns a curse ; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close-grated by the fordid bars of *sense* :
All prospect of eternity shut out ;
And, but for *execution*, ne'er set free.

With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
Find we LORENZO wiser in his *wealth* ?
What if thy rental I reform ? and draw
An inventory *new* to set thee right ?
Where, thy *true* treasure ? Gold says, " Not in me :"
And, " Not in me," the di'mond. Gold is poor ;
India's insolvent : Seek it in thyself,
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;
In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd ;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race !
Erect, immortal, rational, divine !
In *senses*, which inherit earth, and heav'ns ;
Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields ;
Far nobler ! *give* the riches they enjoy ;
Give taste to fruits ; and harmony to groves ;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire ;
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wond'rous world they see.
Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, still.
Objects are but th' occasion ; ours th' *exploit* ;
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws ;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
Superior wonders in himself forgot,
His admiration waste on objects round,
When Heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees ?
Absurd ! not rare ! so great, so mean, is man.

What

What wealth in *senses* such as these ! What wealth
 In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
 Than *sense* surveys ! In *mem'ry's* firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years !
 In colours fresh, originally bright,
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate !
 What wealth in *intellect*, that sov'reign pow'r !
 Which *sense* and *fancy*, summons to the bar ;
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends ;
 And from the mass those *underlings* import,
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
 And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
 Forms *art*, and *science*, *government*, and *law* ;
 The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
 The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life !
 And *manners* (sad exception !) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair
 Of *His* idea, whose indulgent thought
 Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliss.

What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time ;
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 Th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's* sound !
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be ;
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
 Creation's new in fancy's field to rise !
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
 And wander wild thro' things impossible !
 What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,
 In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
 In *liberty* to chuse, in *pow'r* to reach,
 And in *duration* (how thy riches rise !)
 Duration to *perpetuate*——boundless bliss !

Ask you, what *pow'r* resides in feeble man
 That bliss to gain ? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown ;
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.

Man's

Man's imprecario, natural estate,
 Improveable at will, in virtue lies ;
 Its tenure sure ; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap ! for what ?
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more ;
 Then, make a richer scramble for the throng ?
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
 Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
 Like rubbish from dislodging engines thrown,
 Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly ;
 Fly diverse ; fly to foreigners, to foes ;
 New masters court, and call the former fool
 (How justly !) for dependance on their stay.
 Wide scatter, first, our play-things ; then, our dust.

Dost court abundance for the sake of peace ?
 Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme :
 Riches enable to be richer still ;
 And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist ?
 Thus wealth (a cruel task-master !) enjoins
 New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train !
 And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
 The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich ;
 Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
 At once, to bear a double load of woe ;
 To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
 Outrageous want ! both *Indies* cannot cure.

A competence is vital to content.
 Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease ;
 Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness,
 A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
 O be content, where heav'n can give no more !
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
 Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour ;
 But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
 Above our native temper's common stream.
 Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
 As bees in flow'rs ; and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns ;

Nor

Nor knows the wise are privy to the lye.
 Much learning shews how little mortals *know* ;
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy* :
 At best, it babies us with endless toys,
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
 As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
 They fail to find what they so plainly see ;
 Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
 Of happiness, nor know it is a shade ;
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want !
 Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor ;
 Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
 Poor is the man in debt ; the man of gold,
 In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her pow'r.
 The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.
 O what a patrimony this ! A *being*
 Of such inherent strength and majesty,
 Not worlds possess can raise it ; worlds destroy'd
 Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course,
 When thine, O *Nature* ! ends ; too blest to mourn
 Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this* !
 The *Monarch* is a beggar to the Man.

Immortal ! Ages past, yet nothing gone !
 Morn without eve ! a race without a goal !
 Unshorten'd by progression infinite !
 Futurity for ever future ! Life
 Beginning still where computation ends !
 'Tis the description of a *Deity* !
 'Tis the description of the *meanest* slave :
 The meanest slave dares then LORENZO scorn ?
 The meanest slave thy *sov'reign* glory shares.
 Proud youth ! fastidious of the *lower* world !
 Man's *lawful* pride includes humility ;
 Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find
 Inferiors ; all immortal ! brothers all !
 Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.

IMMORTAL !

IMMORTAL! What can strike the *sense* so strong,
As this the *soul*? It thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.

Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heav'n!
O vain, vain, vain, all else! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
From vile imprisonment, in abject views.
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains*, *abasements*, *emptiness*,
The soul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *those*, and *these* their lustre lose;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all atchieves;
Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
'The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *Immortality's* full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard;
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost!

F

Doubt

TAL!

Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
 If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
 Were seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would sink,
 And levell'd *Atlas* leave an even sphere.
 Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
 Is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast round.
 To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.

Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,
 But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
 And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
 Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
 Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
 Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
 What slave *unblest*, who from to-morrow's dawn
 Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
 And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
 Her own immense appointments to compute,
 Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
 In this her dark minority, how toils,
 How vainly pants, the human soul divine!
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;
 What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss?

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
 Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
 Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
 They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
 On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
 Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,
 Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song?
 Are there, LORENZO? Is it possible?
 Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem?

When

When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
 Shall know their treasure; treasure, *then*, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
 The rising thought? Who smother, in its birth,
 The glorious truth? Who struggle to be brutes?
 Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way,
 And, with revert ambition, strive to sink?
 Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing pow'rs
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
 Of endless night; night darker than the grave's?
 Who fight the proofs of immortality?
 With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
 Work all their engines, level their black fires,
 To blot from man this attribute divine,
 (Than vital blood far dearer to the wife)
 Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves*?

To contradict them, see all nature rise!
 What object, what event, the moon beneath,
 But argues, or endears, an after-scene;
 To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?
 All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance
 One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.
 A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
 From *heav'n*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few,
 By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;
 So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,
 Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.

THOU! whose all-providential Eye surveys,
 Whose Hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
 Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
 Eternity's Inhabitant august!
 Of two Eternities amazing Lord!
 One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;
 Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
 Thy glorious Immortality in *man*:
 A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
 Of moment infinite! but relish'd most

By those who love Thee most, who most adore.

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
LORENZO, to this heav'nly *Delphos* haste;
And come back all-immortal; all divine:
Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the *Summer* gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid *Autumn*: *Winter* grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows *Autumn*, and his golden fruits, away:
Then melts into the *Spring*: Soft *Spring*, with breath
Ævonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the *first*. All, to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent, and *tremulous*, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to heav'n.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.

What hence infers LORENZO? Can it be?
Matter immortal? And shall *Spirit* die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall Man alone,
Imperial Man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?

Is Man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death's* single unredeem'd?

If nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder still.
Look nature thro', 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce: What love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here, life and sense;
There, sense from reason steals a glimm'ring ray;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
Eternal; or in man the series ends.
Wide yawns the gap; connexion is no more;
Check'd *reason* halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme;
A scheme, *analogy* pronounc'd so true;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.

Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief.
And will LORENZO, careless of the call,
False attestation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust belov'd, and run the *risque* of heav'n?

O what indignity to deathless souls!
What treason to the majesty of man!

Of man *immortal*! Hear the lofty style:

"If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.

"Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend,

" And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
 " The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
 " As tow'ring flame from *nature's* fun'ral pyre;
 " O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
 " His charter, his inviolable rights,
 " Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
 " Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

But these chimeras touch not thee, LORENZO!

The glories of the world thy sev'nfold *shield*.

Offer ambition than of crowns in air,

And superlunary felicities,

Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;

And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.

What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.

If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.

Come, my *ambitious*! let us mount together
 (To mount, LORENZO never can refuse);

And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
 Look down on earth.—What seest thou? Wond'rous
 Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies. [things!
 What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!

Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war!

Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,

His art acknowledge, and promote his ends,

Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand;

What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!

O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
 And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.

Some mid the wond'ring waves majestic rise;

And *Neptune* holds a mirror to their charms.

Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)

See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!

The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.

Or southward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,

The finer arts there ripen in the sun.

How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,

Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch

Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.

High

High thro' mid air, *here*, streams are taught to flow ;
 Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in basins, sleep.
Here, plains turn oceans ; *there*, vast oceans join
 Thro' kingdoms, channel'd deep from shore to shore ;
 And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
 Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
 Where fame and empire wait upon the sword ?
 See fields in blood ; hear naval thunders rise ;
 BRITANNIA'S voice ! that awes the world to peace.
 How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
 The mid-sea, furious waves ! Their roar amidst,
 Out-speaks the Deity, and says, " O main !
 " Thus far, nor farther ; *new* restraints obey."
 Earth's disembowel'd ! measur'd are the skies !
 Stars are detected in their deep recess !
 Creation widens ! vanquish'd *nature* yields !
 Her secrets are extorted ! *art* prevails !
 What monument of genius, spirit, power !

And now, LORENZO ! raptur'd at this scene,
 Whose glories render heav'n superfluous ! say,
 Whose footsteps these ?—*Immortals* have been here.
 Could less than souls immortal this have done ?
 Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal ;
 And proofs of immortality *forgot*.

To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
 These are *ambition's* works : And these are great :
 But *this*, the least immortal souls can do :
 Transcend them all—But what can these transcend ?
 Dost ask me what ?—One sigh for the *distrest*.
 What then for *infidels* ? A deeper sigh.
 'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man :
 How *little* they, who think aught *great* below ?
 All our ambitions death defeats, but one ;
 And that it crowns.—Here cease we : But, ere long,
 More pow'rful *proof* shall take the field against thee,
 Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.



